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CONTEMPLATIO
Mortis,
&
Immortalitatis.

The third Impression much inlarged.

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CONTEMPLATIO MORTIS, ET IMMORTALITATIS.

PHILOSOPHERS, STATESMEN, and DIVINES, doe all hold that in this world there are but *tria genera vitæ*; *unum est* ACTIVA, *altera* CONTEMPLATIVA, *tertia* VOLUPTUARIA.

Which of these is best, *Quæritur.*

Actio Contemplationis expers, is *vita impolita*; Contemplation, if it take up all a mans time, makes *vitam sterilem.*

Voluptuaria vita, though it bee not *otiosa*, because it is in *actu*, yet is but *desidiosa occupatio.*

 Amongst

Amongſt theſe, who ſo tries all, as I have done, ſhall find, that action profits moſt, but Contemplation pleaſes beſt: ſpecially that which indebts a man to action. Other Contemplations have *generationem longam, fruitionem brevem*, are ſo much in thinking, as they ſeldome come to enjoying; alwayes in conceit, never in act.

Man was not made for Contemplation onely, his part is to doe, as well as underſtand: In earthly things to be an actor, of heavenly things to be a ſpectator. Therefore his felicitie conſiſts neither in reſt nor action, but in a fit mixture of both.

The Counſellor ſaith, A Stateſman ſhould bee thus repartited his will to God, his love to his maſter, his heart to his Countrey, his ſecret to his friend, his time to buſineſſe.

It is true, retiredneſſe is more ſafe than buſineſſe; *Periclitatur enim virtus in negotiis*. And yet the leſſ

yo

you doe, the more you ſuffer. But as he is not happie that is alwayes buſie; So a publike man ſhould not alwayes bee ſhut up in thoughts, pleaſing his life in the ſweetneſſe of thinking.

True Contemplation hates idle Speculation. To bee alwayes or never alone, is idleneſſe. But

The delight of thoughts, and vertue of Contemplation lyes in the right choyce of a good ſubject to contemplate: For every knowing man is ſo inquiſitive by nature, and of ſo buſie a fancie, as in this it is happie for him to fall upon that ſubject which is fitteſt for him.

Some ancient Fathers, and ſome late writers have fixed upon the love of God; Some upon the the Paſſion of Chriſt; Some upon the Joyes of Heaven; ſome upon contempt of the world; ſeverall others upon divers other ſubjects; All opining, that ſome one is to be choſen. For who ſo will *vivere*

sibi, must *vacare Deo*. And a wise man saith, *Sapientia scribenda est in Tempore otii*; *Qui minoratur actu*, He cannot tend it.

Ego in meo solito recessu à negotiis publicis vacans, (which was but seldome) found it fruitfull, usefull, and delightfull,

Cogitare de Novissimo.

Quatuor sunt Novissima, say the Fathers; Heaven and Hell, Death and Judgement.

All subjects large enough.

But considering I had passed so much imployment; so many offices, so long practice in severall professions, (as every publike man is owing his abilities, cares and yeares to the service of his master.) I now thought it time to seize on Death before it seized on me.

After long Meditation this I found, that when Meditation had begot-

begotten devotion, then it applied it ſelfe to contemplation, which required a ſettlement upon ſome Divine Object.

And what more heavenly than the thought of immortalitie? what ſo neceſſary as the thought of death? Herein therefore I complyed with my owne deſires, and made choyce of Death and Immortalitie for the ſubject of my Contemplation.

Meditation, I ſaw, was but a reiterated thought, proper to production of good or evill; but Divines doe well dedicate Contemplation to holy Myſteries onely.

We meditate to know God, we contemplate to love God: when God himſelfe had ſeene the things created in ſeverall pieces, he ſaid, They were good:

But when hee conſidered the univerſe, as it were in contemplation, then he ſaid, I oe, they were exceeding good. For Meditation conſiders her objects peece by

peece, but Contemplation ſummes them all together, and ſees, as in a groſſe, all the ſeverall beauties of Meditations Objects.

Meditation is with a man, as hee that ſmells the Violet, the Roſe, the Jeſſamie, and the Orenge flowers dividually. (My Meditations of the Lord are ſweet of themſelves, ſaith *David*) but Contemplation is a water compounded of them all.

This is more elegantly denoted in the *Canticles*, where the Spouſe plaits up her haire, truſſing it up in one knot, to ſhew that wee ſhould not diffuſe our thoughts into varietie of conſiderations, but recollect them into one by Contemplation. Herewith a mans ſoule being once affected, hardly ſhall hee obtaine leave of his thoughts to returne againe to imployments.

Et ne ego multis occupatus, mihimet ipſi manerem incognitus: (for the old word is a true one) *nil proſunt lecta*

nec

nec intellecti, nisi teipsum legas & intelligas.

I therefore applyed my selfe *ad meum Novissimum, What man liveth, and shall not see death?* And if after death, *Justus vix salvabitur*, we may well be fearefull, and had need be carefull that wee be not taken unprepared.

Ite imparati in paratum,
Will one day be a dolefull saying.

When I was a young man, saith *Seneca*, my care was to live well, I then practised *Artem bene vivendi.* When age came upon mee, I then studied *Artem bene moriendi*; how to dye well.

It is true, *Iter vitæ occupatis non apparet nisi in fine.* Yet when I was *occupatissimus, hoc me dulci oblectabam solatio, aliquando me victurum mihi*; hoping to have sweet leisure to enjoy my selfe at last.

And this I am now come to.

Deſponendo, non mutando me.

The covenant of the grave is ſhewed to no man, ſaith the Wiſeman, but the watch-word is given to all men.

Sint lumbi præcincti,

Lucernæ ardentes,

Semper vigilantes.

Lord, let mee be found in this poſture, when I ſhall be to dye.

In the courſes of my life I have had interchanges; the world it ſelfe ſtands upon viciſſitudes: *Adverſis & Proſperis contexuit Deus vitam meam:* When I firſt tooke me to a gowne, I put on this thought, *fortunam ut togam appeto, non longam ſed concinnam*, Fit for my condition; finding by others, that a contented kinde of obſcuritie kept a man free from envie: although any kind of ſuperioritie be a marke of Envie; yet not to be ſo high, as to provoke an ill eye, nor ſo low

low as to be trodden on, was the height of my ambition. But I must confesse I have since had a greater portion of the worlds favour, than I looked for: *At tamen ego nunquam fortunæ credidi, etiamsi videretur pacem agere.*

To checke repining at those above mee, I alwayes looked at those below me; Nor did any preferments so delight me, or abuse me, as to make me neglect preparing for my dying day.

And now, I thanke God, I can say,

Domine, paratum est cor meum.

This I have considered, That, *Guttatim per horas & dies fluit vita:* And although the houre be not past till all the glasse bee runne,

Et nemo multum ex Stillicidio potest perdere.

Yet the glasse then runnes most fainely,

faintly, when it drawes neareſt to effluxion. Carefull *Martha* was full buſie about many things, but was well adviſed; There was onely *unum neceſſarium*:

One thing have I deſired of the Lord, that I may dwell in his houſe for ever.

This was *Davids unum*, and, God willing, ſhall be mine.

Phyſitians exclaime, *Vita brevis, Ars longa*: But Divines teach, *Ars optima eſt, vivendo diſcere artem bene moriendi.*

If this be to be begunne when *præ foribus mors eſt*, Then the Sinficke Soule will ſay, *Infœlix ego homo, quis me liberabit à corpore mortis hujus!* But if thou haſt learned it betimes, it will then rejoyce to ſay,

Mihi vivere Chriſtus eſt, & mori lucrum:

Welcome death more bleſſed than my birth.

I have ever thought the right way to dye well, was, to live well: And the way to live well in the world, was to dye betimes to the world.

Mihi Mundus Crucifixus, & ego Mundo, yet I found it *Rem difficilem in mundo vivere, & mundi bona contemnere.* Therefore for assistance I tooke to mee these three Coadjutors, *Faith, Hope, Charitie; Charitatem ex Corde puro, Spem ex conscientia bona, Fidem non fictam:* And for my soules health often used this preparative,

Examen Conscientiæ meæ.
diligent examination of my conscience

Nam quicunque cordi habet salutem suam, let him every day, *Manè & vesperè*, examine his heart, *quid, nocte vel die præcedente*, Hath hee thought, Hath hee said, Hath hee done, *Et in quo peccati labem invenerit*, let him mend it, *cum proposito efficaci, simili non peccare.*

This

This, if it be done daily, I dare boldly say, *Vix fieri poterit ut quis moriendo peccet, aut peccando moriatur.*

Inter these thoughts, I had these things in Contemplation.

1. *First, what Death was, and the kindes of Death.*

2. *Secondly, what feares or joyes Death brings.*

3. *Thirdly, when Death is to bee prepared for, and how.*

4. *Fourthly, Death approaching, what our last thoughts should be.*

Of these things I thus resolved,

THat DEATH was but a fall, which came by a fall. Our first framed father *Adam* falling, in him

him we all fell. It was not the man, but mankinde. *Cecidimus omnes*, ſaith Saint *Bernard*, *ſuper acerbum lapidem in luto, unde inquinati & vulnerati ſumus.* Therefore we needed water in Baptiſme to waſh us, Bloud in the Euchariſt to heale us. Natures perfection caught a fall when ſhe was young, as *Mephibosheth* did, whereof ſhee hath halted ever ſince.

This falling ſickneſſe infected not onely the perſon, but the nature, (ſuch is the infection of evill, alwayes worſe than the act) making man, that was immortall, ſubject to death.

Heu triſtis & lacrymoſa mutatio!

Notwithſtanding as wee now ſtand, the fault is ours, if that fall be not our riſe; The advantage we have by *Chriſt* being more than the loſſe we had by *Adam*. Man that had cauſe to ſorrow that hee was man, may now be holily proud of his

his condition; and as hee is in Christ, not to change the Man for the Angell.

Proud Nature would faine reaspire to that it was. *Idèo qui stat, videat ne cadat.* For relapse may turne us againe to be as Birds and Beasts, who have no joy but being, no sorrow but dying. Mans better being is by dying; for when man had made himselfe miserable by sinning, Mercy made us mortall; *Ne in æternum essemus miseri.* Therefore we have reason to account Mercy, as it releeves misery, to be the best vertue, though it worke upon the worst object.

Misericordia vicina est miseriæ.

What Death is.

IF wee consider Death aright, *It is but a departed breath from dead earth, inlivened at first by breath*

cast

caſt upon it. Mors Tinea eſt, ſaith *Job*; *ex veſte oritur Tinea, ex corpore mors.*

It is but a point of time interjected betwixt two extremes; A parentheſis, which interpoſed breakes no ſenſe, when the words meet againe. When *Seneca* was asked, *Quid eſt mors?* he anſwered, *Aut finis eſt, aut tranſitus.* The Emperour *Adrian* was told *Mors eſt æternus ſomnus, divitum pavor, pauperum deſiderium. Plato* ſaid it was, *lex naturæ, tributum mortalium.* One termes it to bee but the ceſſation of the Soules functions. O, ſaith S. *Auguſtine, that I could ſee Death*, not as it was, but as thou, Lord, haſt now made it! As it hath the dominion of ſin, it is the greateſt Monarch, and the ancienteſt King of the world. *Death hath reigned from Adam to Moſes*, ſaith S. *Paul*, yet at laſt this King ſhall bee conquered, *The laſt enemie to bee deſtroyed, is Death. O Death, I will bee thy death*, ſaith Chriſt.

The

The nature of Death.

WHat is the nature of it, few know, though all ſhall feele it. But that muſt needs bee nothing that hath no cauſe efficient, but deficient: *Poſt mortem nihil eſt, ipſaque mors nihil.* It hath no eſſence, it is no ſubſtance, but privation; no creature, but *creaturarum ſepultura.* Therefore curiouſly to ſearch the efficient of it, were to labour the eye to ſee darkeneſſe. *God made it not,* ſaith the Booke of *Wiſdome, nor is it mentioned as any of his workes.* God that made all things, ſaw that all things which hee had made were good. *Omne ens bonum, & omne bonum eſt ens.* Therefore good Saint *Auguſtine* ſaid finely, *Lord, thou haſt not made Death; wherefore, I beſeech thee, ſuffer not that which thou haſt not made, to reigne over that which thou haſt made.*

made. Yet it is no errour to say, that man made death for Curiositie (the itch of mans soule) affecting to know that which God never made (which was the evill of Death) thinking it had beene good to know evill, by desiring to know it, made it. *Malum non dignoscitur nisi per bonum.*

He that knew all other things, knew not this one thing, that hee knew enough. But so divine a thing is knowledge, (which is not given to keepe, but to impart) that we see Innocencie it selfe was ambitious of it.

Life did not content (that was thought but the act of knowledge) knowledge was the life the soule looked at. And that as yet begets a studious scrutiny to discover things wee can never know. By which we see, that although nature her self be moderate in her desires, yet conceit is unsatiable: nevertheleſſe, no man knowes so much but it is through ignorance that he

he doth ſo ill; *nam nemo ſciens malus*, and as one ſaith well, there is now no feare of knowing too much, but there is much feare of practiſing too little. Since God hath revealed more than wee can know, enough to make us happie, let us learne ſober knowledge, and contented ignorance. Knowledge and Power are the naturall mans God; but know thy ſelfe, O man, and then be proud if thou canſt.

The Author of Death.

WHo then was the Author of Death? *Sol in cœlo, Sal in terra:* the two great regents, one in Heaven, the other on earth, yet neither of theſe produced it: who ever was the Father of it, Sinne was the Mother; for ſaith Saint *James*, *Sinne being finiſhed*, travaileth in child-birth like a mother to *bring forth Death*. *Adam* falling,

Sinne

Sinne followes him. Man being tempted, Death attempts him, and by Sinne Death enters.

Good Saint *Auguſtine* puts the Devill this queſtion, *Satan, quare invidiſti homini ſtanti, te cadente?* Death had no intereſt in man till ſinne had diſpoſſeſſed him of the free-hold hee had in God. *There was no truſt in Gods ſervants*, ſaith *Eliphaz*, but even Angels were charged with folly.

Therefore doe the Devill right, he did but perſwade, not compell: it was in mans choyce to ſtand or fall.

Adam acceperat poſſe quod vellet, non velle quod poſſet. Nos accepimus & poſſe quod volumus, & velle quod poſſumus; Ille poſſe non mori, nos non poſſe mori. Sic Auguſtinus.

Power of ſtanding, man had from God, but poſſibilitie of falling from himſelfe. Therefore though wee may thanke our firſt parents for our birth, ſinne; yet wee may thanke our ſelves for improving

improving it. Wherefore the old *Letanie* said well, *A me salva me, Domine.*

All mans vertues were given him but in truſt, and under a condition; hee abuſed the truſt, and brake the condition, ſo incurred the penalty. Such is mans nature, ever ſubject to extremitie, either dul in want, or wanton infruition. *Ne moriemini* was a faire warning, but he cared not for it. With men counſels are like faces, that which is faire, pleaſes. But had the minde governed the eye, the Apple could not have beguiled, though it was faire to looke to. The proud aſpiring thought was hatcht in man, The Divell was the promooter, Sinne was the author, and we being partners in the ſinne, ſhared in the puniſhment. *Facinus, quos inquinat, æquat.*

Sith then Death by ſinne ſtole in at the window; (for the eye, that ſenſe of love, alwayes recoyles upon the heart, when it beholds that which

which is pleasing) or rather at the eare, which is apt to listen to ill counsell;

Let us cast out sinne by the eares, the sense of faith, in harkening to Gods Word, the Word of life, the life of Death.

The name of Death.

FOr the name of Death, Saint *Iohn* calls it a sleepe: *Amicus noster Lazarus dormit.* Of Saint *Stephen* it was said, *When hee had thus spoken*, he *slept.* The *Patriarkes* and Kings of Judah, are said to *sleepe with their Fathers. Man*, saith *Iob*, *lyeth downe and riseth not.* Hee shall not be awaked out of his sleepe till the heavens bee no more. *Transitum ad vitam aliqui appellant mortem*, saith Saint *Bernard. Sed ideo scriptura dormientes appellat, ut evigilaturos minimè de speremus: He is not dead*, saith *David*, but

but ſleepeth, whoſe fleſh doth reſt in hope.

Death is but a dormitory for a day. Saint *Pauls* myſtery is, *We ſhall not all ſleepe, but wee ſhall all be changed.* The night ſavours of mortality, and ſleepe, that *Mors brevis*, is but the ſhadow of death; and where the ſhadow is, the bodie cannot be farre off; *Umbra fugit ſequentem, ſequitur fugientem. Acquiritur terra procumbentibus.*

Well ſaid Saint *Auguſtine, In vita vigilant juſti, ideo in morte dicuntur dormire.*

When God made a helper unto man, hee ſent a ſleepe upon him. *Somnium ægrotantium, ut novimus, ſalutis eſt indicium.* It is Chriſts ſaying, If hee ſleepe hee ſhall doe well.

But let it be *Mors à morſu* which our firſt parents taſted, or *Mors à mora*, which yet tarries for us all, let her bee ſtiled Ladie, Miſtreſſe of the world, that will not bee courted, nor yet caſt off: Yet is

ſhee

he but *vox tantum*, a thing next to nothing, *ſolo timenda ſono*.

Better is it called a transfiguration, or tranſmigration, from life by death to life againe: *Exitus, non Tranſitus; Tranſitus quem ire non intelleximus, tranſiſſe ſentimus.*

The Grave is but a with-drawing roome to retire in for a while, going to bed to take reſt ſweeter than ſleepe. And when it is time to riſe, *Cum expergiſcar, Then ſhall I bee ſatisfied*, ſaith the Propher *David.*

Death common to all.

IN the meane time it is common to all. *Mors etiam ſaxis nominiſque venit.* All men muſt pay his debt to Nature, though they cannot pay their creditours: and it is a favour afforded by Nature, *Quod graviſſimum fecit, fecit commune; ut crudelitatem fati conſola-*

retur æqualitas. Who lives and ſhall not ſee death?

The Fathers have eaten Manna, and are dead. Nay, even *Chriſt* himſelfe, *being found in faſhion as a man, humbled himſelfe, and became obedient to death.* It is as naturall to dye, as to be borne; yet when we ſay a man dyes naturally, we ſpeak improperly; for a man dyes not as a beaſt, *per annihilationem Naturæ*, but *per ſtatutum*; *Statutum eſt omnibus ſemel mori*: Diſeaſe and Death know no faces. It is the municipall Law of the earth, to dye once; of Heaven, to live ever; of Hell, to dye for ever. *Orimur, Morimur*: Like *Jonas* Gourd, wee come in a night, and are gone in a night: We come into the world with a ſheet about us, no ſooner borne, but going to be buried. *Seneca* ſayes, truly, we are borne crying, wee live laughing, and dye ſighing.

For all this, man is even with Death. *Nunquam enim magnis ingenii*

geniis chara in corpore mora est: The good soule *egrè fert has angustias*. Therefore what great thing doth death in hastening dayes? This shewes infirmitie, rather than power. Age doth more; *Nil enim non longa demolitur vetustas*; Death onely shortens time, not life: for lifes time shortens by lengthening *Morimur, quod mortibus vivimus: morieris, non quia ægrotas, sed quia vivis.*

But this all men are to know, That *Mortis meritum* is *Peccati debitum*; both imposed on man for sinne.

Life but a dying Death.

SIth then it is a statute made in Heaven, *Omnibus semel mori*, and that life is so momentany, death so certaine; *Splendemus licèt, heu quàm cito frangimur, corpora vitrea!* Man, saith the Prophet *Ie-*

remy, fades like a leafe, and ſinne like a wind takes him away. Since life it ſelfe is no true living, but a dying being, and ſuch a being as every day pants for breath which Nature fannes upon it for a while: And ſince death is no death, but a going unto Heaven and Heavens comming unto us *abitus non obitus*: How can a man but thinke it a well-ſpent life alwayes to bee meditating upon Death?

But, ſaith *Zenophon*, *Cur vitam contemnendam putas, & habes?* will not enquire, nor requir more of Death but Death. *Er ras enim qui interrogas, Quid ſi mors, & propter quod mortem pe tam? Quæris enim aliquid ſupr ſummon?*

Life after Death.

BUt if a man dye, shall he live againe? yes, saith Saint *Paul*, *We that are in this Tabernacle, sigh, and are burthened, because wee would not be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.*

Phœnix sponte crematur,

Vt redeat, proprioque solet pubescere letho.

Sic tu corpus coactum.

Discere, mutata melior procede figura.

The brightest dayes dye into dark nights, but rise againe a mornings: Though the body sleepe a while in dust, yet shall it rise again

after thy likeneſſe. The ſoule which *departed for a ſeaſon*, ſhall, as Saint *Paul* ſaid of *Oneſimus*, come againe, and bee received for ever. The graine caſt into the earth, after a froſt-biting, comes up the fairer. That body which *was ſowne a naturall body, ſhall riſe a Spirituall. Sow in teares, reape in joy. Who ſo goe forth weeping, carrying precious ſeed, ſhall returne with joy, and bring their ſheaves with them.*

Thus we ſee God will be in no mans debt: Seeke God, and proſper.

Yet for all this, *Caro iſta pulveries*, this clod of earth muſt lye awhile in duſt, *Sed reſurget tandem*, as a *Queenes daughter, all glorious within.* For if in this life holineſſe maketh the face of a man to ſhine, by an irradiation from the heart, what ſhall be the beautie of the body glorified! ſurely though it be not deified, yet ſhall it be purified, perfected, and immortalized; *Our vile bodies ſhall be changed,*

and

and fashioned like his glorious bodie. Such Glory have all his Saints.

If then the change bee such, who would not be willing, yea, glad to dye? *All the dayes of mine appointed time*, saith *Job*, *I will watch till my changing shall come.*

Nil minus est hominis occupati, quam vivere; Quos autem felicitas gravat, exclamant illi, Mihi vivere non licet. It is a good minde in a man, to bee content to die, and willing to live: But to be willing to die, and content to live, is the minde of a strong Christian.

Diligimus mortem pariter, pariterque timemus:
Ipse metus te noster amat.

Death desirable for three respects.

WHen the Senator *Cato* was asked a question concer-

ning death, *Si Deus (inquit ille) mihi largiatur, ut repueraſcam, valde recuſem: nec tum me vixiſſe pœnitet, quia bene vixi; nec timeo mori, quia ex hoſpitio, non domo, diſcedam.*

Could wee as innocently wiſh our owne death, as the Saints doe the day of Judgement, we might ſafely deſire it (for who can blame the deſire of advantage?) But ill circumſtances vitiate our deſires; collaterall reſpects to our owne eaſe, as to be rid of troubles, freed of grieſes, diſcontentments, and the like, theſe commonly beget ſuch a wiſh in us.

It is the ſaying of the Preacher, *Death is not to be ſought in the errour of youth, yet for ſome reſpects it may be deſired.*

Portus eſt aliquando petendus, nunquam recuſandus.

1. As firſt, that ſo we may betimes leave off to ſinne: Since ſin lives in us, and leaves us not till death. *Dixit Socrates, Appropinquante morte, multo es divinior: If*

the

the ſoules under the Altar cry, Uſque quo, Domine? If they ſolicite for the day of Judgement, why not I for my day of Death, ſince deaths day is but the Eve of Gods day?

2. Secondly, the ſoule that ſoone departs, *facilius ad ſuperos iter facit, quia minus facis ponderiſque traxit.* And what's the diſtance 'twixt life and death? So little, as with the Antients, the Embleme of life was *oculus apertus*; *Mortis, clauſus, non extinctus: nec plus intereſſe putaverunt inter mortem & vitam, quam ictum oculi.* Man is only a winke of life, his life and death joyned as neere as joy and griefe; where teares (the limbecke of the Heart) expreſſe both.

3. Thirdly, that ſo wee might the ſooner come to live indeed, be in *Patria*, where now weare but in *via.* Preſent life is not *vita, ſed via ad vitam.* For which cauſe, ſaith Saint *Bernard, Præcipitat quiſque vitam ſuam, futuri deſideria laborat, præſentium tædio.*

Yet it is a wonder to see how wee love the present, and lesse esteeme the future.

Men doe commonly say, There is *nullum tempus præter nunc*; let that bee true in time, yet it holds not in Divinitie; For man must chiefly minde his soule. The present is not that which contents the soule; *Nimis angustat gaudia, qui præsentibus acquiescit*: They are only creatures of inferiour nature, that are pleased with the present. Man is a future creature, the eye of his soule lookes beyond this life; *Scrutatur quod ultra mundum. Futura & præter ita illum delectant; Hæc expectatione, Illa recordatione.*

Who so feeles not a desire in his soule of something beyond this life, is not setled in the point of immortalitie of the Soule: for in every supernaturall man there is imprinted an undeterminable desire of more than present life can yeeld. Therefore we doe not determine our contentment in things present,

preſent, but expect future things, more and greater than here we are capable of.

Speranti grandia, mediocria ſunt ingrata.

The Soules excellencie.

BUt what is this Soule that ſo delights in futures? Though it be ſhapeleſſe and immateriall, yet it would make a man heavenly proud to contemplate of how divine a nature, qualitie and eſſence it is! *Deificatur Anima*, If ſhe be conſidered in her eſſentialitie: *Secundùm formam eſt Deus, ſecundum materiam eſt Anima*, ſaith Saint *Bernard*. Her amative vertues unite her to God, all vertues elſe to her. Therefore ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*, *Quàm pulchra es, O Anima, peccata deſtruendo? Pulchrior mundum contemplando? Pulcherrima Deo amoroſe adhærendo?*

She

She pertakes of the good which is in God, which the body doth not, but by participation with the ſoule;

Faciamus hominem ad ſimilitudinem noſtram.

The body, though it have the honour to be companion with the ſoule, yet it is but her drudge: Chriſtians ſay of the ſoule, that's the man; the body is but the caſe: Heathens could ſay, The ſoule was *divinæ particula auræ.* Some will have it, *a ſpirit mixt of Fire & Aire*; Others, *a ſelfe-moving number*; *Seneca* ſaith, *Quid aliud eſt anima quàm Deus in corpore humano hoſpitans?* Never any could give it ſuch a definition, that either another, or himſelfe could conceive it. And no wonder, for it ſelfe cannot conceive the owne ſelfe-excellencie, becauſe it ſuffered a compoſure before it ſelfe was. It was the life of breath that gave it

it the breath of life: Therefore admiration rather than ſearch, becomes a man in ſuch a ſecret: yet ſo good is God to man, that wherein wee cannot reach him, he commonly deſcends to us. *Tulli* ſaid, *Mihi quidem nunquam perſuaderi potuit, animos, dum in corporibus eſſent mortalibus, vivere; cum exiſſent ex iis, emori.* Saint *Bernard* ſaith better, *Anima non exuit formam nativam, ſed ſuperinduit peregrinam; illa addita, iſta non perdita.* And yet this ſpirituall eſſence of the ſoule was therefore clogged with an earthy body, that it ſhould not grow proud, as thoſe Angels did that fell.

Let me ever worſhip the great God of this little god, my ſoule, *Et ne plus ultra.*

Onely this I know, that to no creature elſe God hath given a reaſonable ſoule: of creatures, the loweſt ranke have no life, the next no eſſence, the third no reaſon; none but man hath grace; nor is there

there hope in any creature elſe but man, which hope is given him for the ſuſtentation of his ſoule. *Anima enim non eſt inſtar Camæleontis, ut paſcatur vento*, it cannot be fed with fancies, nor all the favours of the world. Shee is *ita generoſa*, as nothing but that *ſummum bonum* will ſatisfie her.

Hee that contemplates theſe things, will beare himſelfe too loftily, and thinke himſelfe too good to looke ſo low as to theſe ſublunary things.

Anguſtus eſt animus quem terrena delectant.

How then can this beautie bee pleaſed to inhabite long *contubernio iſto? Bring my ſoule out of Priſon*, ſaith *David*, *that I may praiſe thee.*

Non ſum ubi nunc ſum, ſaith the Soule.

As for the bodie, all it cares, is but

but ſepulture: for although the carkaſſe bee inſenſible of any poſture or poſition, yet honeſt ſepulture is a bleſſing. That body which had the honour to be the Temple of ſuch a gueſt as the Holy Ghoſt, deſerves this favour.

But becauſe many times the houſes of the dead, and the urned bones doe meet with foule hands, for this alſo Nature hath provided, *Ut diſerte ait Mæcenas, Nec tumulum quæro.*

Sepelit natura relictos.

It is one of the petitions of everie good ſoule,

Adveniat regnum tuum, Thy kingdome come, O Lord; yet ſaith S. *Auguſtine*, *Hoc nitimur & reluctamur. Quis non gemens, quis non recuſans exit? Quis cum acceſſerit, non tergiverſatur, timet, plorat?*

Mans

Mans crosse Nature.

IN all things elſe obſerve how contrarily we carry our ſelves; The labourer from his worke haſtens to his bed; The Mariner rows hard to gaine the Port, The Traveller is glad when hee is within kenning of his Inne; yet wee, when death comes to put us into our port, ſhun it as a rocke, wee feare what wee ſhould wiſh, and wiſh that we ſhould feare.

O fortunatiorem Marcellum, eo tempore quo exilium ſuum Bruto approbavit, quàm pro Populo Romano Conſulatum.

Mans better choyce.

HEare O Chriſtian, what the *Pagan* ſaith,

Quid

Quid ni non timeat qui mori sperat?

It is harder to make a true Philosopher patient of life, than of death.

Hic spe mortis patienter dolet,
Et tædio doloris libenter moritur:
Hunc fert, illam expectat.
Sed expecta, mors tardè venit.

Therefore said Saint *Paul*, *I am in a straight betwixt two, whether to live in the flesh were profitable for mee, and which to chuse, I wot not.* Yet at last resolved, *Live or dye, Christ* was to him *advantage*: Therefore *to be losed and to be with Christ*, was best of all.

Till then, God grant,

That I may have *vitam in patientia, mortem verò in desiderio.*

So shall I fulfill my course with joy; Life not deare, nor Death grievous.

Life

Life and Death compared.

IN elder times, both wiſe men, great men, and vaine men, had death in ſuch eſtimation, and ſo undervalued life, as they fondly ſaid, Had man beene worthy to know what life was, before hee received it, hee would have beene loth to accept it. *Nemo vitam acciperet, ſi daretur ſcientibus.* Life would have kept us in ſlavery, but that death freed us. The Heathen gods held Death to be mans *ſummum bonum.* Therefore *Trophonius*, when hee had built and dedicated that goodly Temple at *Delphos*, aſked of *Apollo* for his recompence, that thing which was beſt for man; The Oracle bade him goe home, and within three dayes hee ſhould have it, within which time hee died. They counted death but the retrait of life, *Optimum naturæ inventum:*

ventum: For by it every man might make himselfe happie, no man bee longer miserable than hee will, *Placetne vita? vive: non placet? licet eò reverti unde venisti.* They thought no state miserable, but that which death could not remedie: wherefore, say they, A wise man lives but so long as he should, not so long as he can.

If death were not in our power, we should desire it more than now we feare it; *Photion* in *Athens* being condemned to die, the Executioner refused to doe his office, unlesse hee had twelve *Draehmas* paid him in hand: *Photion ne mora fieret morti*, borrowed it of a friend, and gave it him.

Quemadmodum Athenis, inquit, ne mori gratis licet. Magistra rerum Ratio taught them, that common safetie lay in death, *Et invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.* Life was subject to many fortunes; *Sed in eo qui scit mori, nil posse fortunam.* This made them cherish

these

theſe deſperate conceits, *nil referre, faciatne finem an recipiat*; Thinking it bravery to uſe miſchiefe for a remedy. Though life be not, yet death is at a mans command; *Mors nihil aliud eſt quam velle*, in which reſpect no man could complaine of life, *Quia neminem tenet.* If any man did complaine, this was their wiſh, *Mors utinam pavidos vitæ ſubducere nollet, Sed virtus hanc ſola daret.* In ſcorne ſome ſaid, *Ego ne expectem, vel morbi crudelitatem, vel hominis, cum poſſim medio exire tormento & adverſa diſcutere?* But their braveſt conceit was worſe, that it was *genus mortis generoſum*, for a man to bee author of his owne death. If it be permitted to deſire death, why is it ill to give it to themſelves. *Sed furor eſt, ne moriare, mori.*

To maintaine by reaſon, as well as courage, this was their aſſertion. Death was naturall, therefore welcome any way, *vivere noluit,*

qui

qui mori non vult: He is ſorry that hee was a man, that is not glad to dye. It is inevitable therefore we muſt be reſolute. *Feras, non culpes, quod vitari non poteſt.* Fooles flie it, old men attend it, wiſe men wiſh it. Nay, ſome ſo prided themſelves in this way, that for care, feare, or griefe, they would not dye: *Non inferam mihi manus propter dolorem,* nor yet for feare: *Stultum eſt timore mortis mori:* nor yet through threats of torments: *Sic mori vinci eſt. Sed ſi cœperat ſuſpecta eſſe fortuna, ſi multa occurrebant, moleſta, tranquillitatem turbantia;* Then it was fortitude to diſpatch them, how, or with what, it mattered not:

Scalpello aperitur ad illam magnam libertatem via, & puncto ſecuritas conſtat, ſaid *Seneca,* when he bled to death.

Cato will die, becauſe the Common-wealth declined: *Nerva,* becauſe

becauſe the lawes were not kept: *Silvianus*, becauſe hee would not live at the mercie of his enemie: *Lucretia* to cover a diſhonour: Thus may folly doe that which Nature cannot defend.

But where are *theſe diſputers of the world*, ſaith Saint *Paul*? Others thought death was to be expected till Nature called for it, or Juſtice tooke it: For defence of a mans Countrey, Lawes, or Religion, men might *ponere animas ſuas*; but not for oſtentation, or in diſcontentment.

Bona res eſt mori ſua morte.

Yet ſome will die for wantonneſſe, if they want their wils.

Life was given to manage to the utmoſt. Having but the uſe of our lives, wee are bound to husband them to the beſt advantage.

Every one is here ſet Centinel, and not to leave the place till his Captaine call him off.

Non

Non eſt optima quæ placet, ſed quæ decet.

That death was beſt, which was well recollected, quietly ſuffering what it could not poſſibly prevent.

Fortiter ille facit, qui miſer eſſe poteſt.

It is not enough to dye with a Roman courage, nor to bee as reſolute as *Cato*, who told *Cæſar*, he feared his pardon more than the paine hee threatned; nor yet that the cauſe of death bee juſt; but it muſt be alſo neceſſary unſought, inevitable.

But let goe this diſcourſe, my Contemplation lyes another way. Onely this let me ſay, Divines ~~need not be aſhamed~~ to weare the Jewels and the Eare-rings of Ægyptians: they are in many things full of luſtre, and ſo excellent. Man in this world lives by appointment,

pointment, and God for his owne purposes make life sweet, and death terrible. Many there are that feare not so much to be dead, as to dye. *Assidue variatur Homo per adversa & prospera, & nescit quando moriatur.*

To labour not to dye, is labour in vaine. To live without feare of death is to dye living: *Secura vita est mare mortuum.* *Mordecay* saide to *Hester*, Canst thou be so vainly timerous, as to dye for feare of death?

This let a wise man doe, *Quod necesse est ne timeat; Quod incertum est, semper expectat.* But he neither feares nor feeles death, that hath his hopes in heaven.

Seeke not consolation against death, but let death be thy consolation; Comforter is his Name. In death there is comfort against death. *Mortem optare malum, timere pejus*: But to make death easie, looke thorow death at glory, thinke not so much of death, as

f the glory that followes it: at
he worſt, *Mors non auſert vitam,*
d in melius transfert; life gives
ay to death, and makes way for
. If it bee ſharpe for the time,
uet es ſi mavis manere inſanus,
nàm medicinam ſuſtinere amaram;
man will eaſily ſwallow a bitter
ill to gaine health. The Phyſi-
an helps us not without paine,
nd yet we reward him for it. *Job*
ith of *Death*, *from ſix troubles it*
elivereth, *& in ſeptima*, that is at
oint of death, *non tanget te ma-*
m. Weeping may endure for a night,
t joy commeth in the morning. Fit
our ſelfe for it, and you will ne-
r feare it; doe by it, as you doe
other things; when you would
oe to ſleepe, you put off your
oathes, you draw the Curtaines,
ut out the Candle, and goe to
d: Thus as it were acting ſleep,
fore you goe to ſleepe: ſo ad-
eſſe your ſelfe to death, and then
a Father ſaith,

Erit ſomnus dilectis initium refrigerii.
Scala Montis, Janua vitæ, Ingreſſus in Tabernaculum.

Bring your ſelfe acquainted with death, that when it comes you may entertaine it, *non ut hoſtis, ſed ut hoſpes*; not as a foe, but as a friend; not as a ſtranger, but as a gueſt that you had long looked for; and bid welcome death more bleſſed than your birth.

Thus did *Salomon* upon his Throne, extoll his Coffin above his Crowne. What a griefe then is it to ſee great men in theſe dayes build houſes of that ſtrength and ſtate, as if they ſhould alwayes live, and yet ſo live, as if they had but mortall ſoules? *Patres veteres habitabant in cavernis; Cain vero edificavit civitatem in terra, ſed pendidit Cælum. I dwell in Cedars, but Gods Arke remaines under Curtaines*, was *Davids* griefe.

It is good counſell: *Efficе mor-*

tem

em tibi familiarem, ut possis cùm sors ulerit, illi lætus & alacriter obviam ire. Though death be terrible, et innocencie is bold.

As the thought of death daunts n ill liver; So it makes a good an, *Humilior, cautior, & cordatior:* et doe not as the Duelists and allants of the time doe, goe into e field to seeke death, and finde onour: Swift *Asahel*, had hee one but slowly, might have o-ertaken death, but he runnes to tch it: So doe Combatants in ese dayes, *Ubi infelix victoria m victor succumbit vitio: nam aut orieris pro homicidio, aut vivis ho-icida:* Nor doe not as the Wits the time doe, put a scorne up-n death; and to bee accounted ood company, dare abuse God, espite death, and talke prophane-; yet no man for offending good llowship, must reprove them: o bee bitterly wittie in inve-ives, pleases; and to have braine ough to be a *Timon*, seemes a

jolly thing: but in these cases saith Saint *Augustine*, it is a fault not to find fault, *Nam quemadmodum malus sermo ducit in peccatum, sic silentium relinquit in peccato*; A man may be mannerly in the forme, but must be round in the matter; For a friend cannot make a more improvement of his friendship, than by a round reproofe of his friend upon such an occasion.

One saith well, Sinne doth ill in the eye, but worse in the tongue: I know not, saith another, whether the maintenance of the least evill, be not worse than the commission of the greatest; for this may bee of frailtie, that argues obstinacie. Likewise prophane speeches how sharpe soever are ever hatefull to a good eare; wherefore play not the wanton with *Heaven*, take no part with wit against godlinesse; such aire poysons goodnesse, brings sadnesse at the last.

Seneca observing that ill men

in

n their converſation, and good men in their prayers made over-bold with God, gave this counſell, So deale with men as if God ſaw thee; ſo ſpeake to God, as if men heard thee: But ſay the good fellowes of the world, *Offendatur Deus ne contriſtetur amicus*, Let us enjoy our ſelves; to what elſe ſerves the fulneſſe of our fortunes? but he counſels better that ſaith, *Temperanda eſt felicitas mundi meditatione mortis, ut vinum aqua dilutum*, ſuch an allay proſperitie requires.

To this end good *Ioſeph* built his Sepulchre in his garden, and ſome *Philoſophers* had their graves alwayes open before their gates, that going out and comming in, they might alwayes thinke of death: For in life they found comforts to be rare, croſſes frequent, pleaſures momentanie, paines permanent.

In this world wee are all *Beno-*

nies, the sonnes of sorrow; the way to heaven, is by weeping crosse. The Calendar tells us, we come not to Ascension day, till the passion weeke be past.

Hi motus animorum atque hæ certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.

It is observed that most of other creatures live long, but dying, perish all to nothing; Man that is short-lived, yet he dying, lives eternally: Think but of this, and you will thinke as Saint *Bernard* did, that life were little better than hell, were it not for the hope of heaven.

Surely Christ would not have dyed, but that we may dye in safetie; he by death in death, delivered us from death.

And did Christ die for me, that I might live with him? I will not therefore desire to live long from him.

him. Who would not goe out of himselfe to goe to God?

It is a token of little love to God, to bee loth to goe to God. All men goe willingly to see him whom they love. Our brother *Joseph* liveth; therefore though with *Jacob* I cannot say, I will goe see him before I dye, Yet, Lord let me dye, that I may see him whom my soule loveth; living I cannot, but dying I shall.

The danger is, lest difficulties and delights hinder our resolutions: Difficulties should not; For since *Adams* fall none passes unto Paradise, but by burning Seraphins. We cannot goe out of *Ægypt*, but through the Red Sea. Those children of Israel before they came to Hierusalem, tooke in their way the valley of Teares, and crossed the swift river Jordan, before they came to the sweet waters of Siloam. Pleasures may hinder: For even that good Saint *Austine* was once of the mind, that he

would not leave preſent pleaſure for future hopes; but afterward ſaid with ſorrow, *Pudeat vivere in delitiis, cùm Chriſtus vixit in periculis.* Proſperous fortunes many times hinder a cheerfull dying, but this petulant world muſt bee left. Conſcience of ſinne muſt not bee exchanged for the ſenſe of pleaſure. The Holy man exclaimes, *O quam multi ſunt qui mundum damnant, & tamen pauci relinquunt!* Every ſenſe about us, upon the leaſt temptation, is a traytour to the ſoule. The bodie it ſelfe, if you ſet too high a price upon it, will make a cheape ſoule. *Magna corporis cura, magna mentis incuria:* A man may bee as happie in Ruſſet as in Tiſſu, and he is an unhappie man, whoſe outſide is his beſt ſide. vile is Nature in her beſt dreſſe. A ſpruce Roman riding on a leane Jade, was asked by the Cenſor his reaſon; he anſwered, *Ego curo me-ipſum, Statius verò equum*; I looke to my ſelfe, but my man to my horſe

horse. So vaine men looke to their bodies, look who list to his soule. *Dominam ancillare & ancillam dominare abusio est*, saith *Stella*.

Also high fortunes lead men to strange fashions; but if wee would be of the Court of heaven, wee must fashion our selves as the Countrey-man doth, who when he comes to Court, soone shakes off his clownish trickes, and gets a civill behaviour: *Mundum cum suis frivolis*, a good man must contemne.

If you would live well, live in awe of all eyes, and especially take heed where you live, for the very place of pleasure is dangerous; In Paradise *Adam* could not be innocent, but out of Paradise he was a good man. *Adam* was set upon in Paradise, *Iob* on the dunghill; yet *Iob* was *fortior in stercore, quam Adam in Paradiso*; We are no *Davids* now adayes, therefore let us not be too venturous: *David* when hee had seene the magnificencie

cencie and ſtate of Court, yet thought never the worſe of his retired life, but loved his hooke the better: And when afterwards he came from keeping Sheepe, to be a Shepherd of men, he changed his ſtate without change of his diſpoſition: but this is not our condition now adayes; wee are more for our ſheepe than our ſoules. Judge not of things by the face of things, for life and death have deceiveable vizards; under the faire face of life lurkes griefe, under the foule feature of Death (which is but fancie) lies felicitie; Take off the maske and you will change your minde; loath that you loved, and love that you loathed.

in ſcena

Vita habitu caſto cùm non ſit caſta, videtur:

Mors præter cultum nil meretricis habet.

The

The kindes of Death

THe kindes of Death as of life are two; one bodily, the other Spirituall:

Bodily life is the conjunction of body and ſoule, bodily death is the ſeparation of body and ſoule. And as a godly man hath three degrees of life, The firſt in this life when Chriſt lives in him; The ſecond, when his body returnes to earth, and his ſoule to God that gave it; The third at the end of the world, when body and ſoule re-united ſhall enjoy heaven:

So likewiſe a wicked man hath three degrees of death; Dead in ſinne while he lives, Dead in ſoule when he dies; Dead in bodie and ſoule, when both ſhall be adjudged and condemned.

Malis ſit mors ſive morte, Finis

Finis sine fine.

Defectus sine Defectu.

Quia mors vivit, finis semper incipit, & deficere defectus nescit.

Freedome by Death.

THe freedomes wee have by Death are many.

1. First, from all worldly Injuries. Here good men doe but live and suffer; *Bene agere, & male pati*, that's their portion; Sufferings are greater trials than actions, but they prepare to happinesse: It is good for me that I have beene afflicted, saith *David*.

Non sentire mala, non esset homini; non ferre, non esset viri. But what are momentany afflictions to an eternall weight of glory?

2. Secondly, it ends all: Misery is a privative good, putting a period

riod to all ill: Man in misery, saith *Iob, longs for Death, and digs for it, more than treasure; Mors finis est, non pœna:* nay, saith one, *Nec finis nec pœna; bonis lex est, non pœna perire.* It is another *Moses* unto man, delivering him out of bondage, and making Bricke in Ægypt.

It ends sins, not life; it reformes, but doth not destroy Nature:

Vitiorum est Sepultura virtutum Resurrectio.

3 Thirdly, it frees from all corporall infirmities.

Mors omnium dolorum solutio.

Life it selfe is a disease, and we dye by corruption of humours, whether they be of bodie or manners, who so thinkes to heale all infirmities with an easier plaister than Death, *Delimenta potiùs quàm remedia podagræ suæ ponit.*

4 Fourthly, it frees us from all bodily

bodily labours: Man is the subject of the earth by labour, of heaven by suffering. The *Spirit* saith, *Blessed are they that dye in the Lord, they rest from their labours. Adeo juvat occupatum mori*: Here I have labour without rest: There I shall have rest without labour. In this Rest, perfect Tranquillity; in this Tranquillitie, Contentment; in this Contentment, Joy; in this Joy, Varietie; in this Varietie, Securitie; in this Securitie, Eternitie; So to Rest, to Rise, to Reigne, what more to be wished?

5 Fifthly, it eases us of all cares and troubles: *Refrigeries est animæ*, Refection to the soule; were wee but in a throng, we would thinke that man at ease who gets out first. *Noah*, when hee had beene tossed but a yeare upon the waters, then Mount *Ararat* was to him a gladsome place; so likewise miserable man after many wearisome yeeres tossed up and downe the world as in a troubled sea, will bee glad of death,

leath, as of Mount *Ararat* a re-ting place for his tyred ſoule.

Old *Chaucers* Epitaph is a good one:

Mors erumnarum requies.

The long-ſick man wrote upon his grave ſtone, *Hic ero ſanus.*

In Warres we often releeve the Watch. Life is a Warfare, yet hath no releeſe but Death.

6 Laſtly, Death doth us not the leaſt pleaſure in freeing us from phantaſmes and vaine pleaſures: *Periclitatur enim caſtitas in delitiis, Pietas in negotiis, Veritas in multiloquio, Charitas in ſeculo.*

And yet ſome pleaſures may ſtand with innocencie; For God loves to ſee his creatures happie, but commonly the pleaſures of the bodie are the poyſons of the ſoule: a man ſmothered in Roſes meets with Death, though in ſweetneſſe; *Delicatæ enim mentes enervat*

enervat fælicitas : In vaine min
there is no true joy, nor yet gla
neſſe in laughter : *Nam res eſt ſe
ra verum gaudium* : The onely o
ject of true joy is God. *In the mu
titude of ſorrowes that I had in m
heart, thy comforts have refreſhed me
and doe delight my ſoule*, ſaith *Davi*

Delight in pleaſures, and yo
ſhall finde your greateſt pleaſure
become your bittereſt paines.

*Miſer homo, cujus gaudium cri
men habet.*

But cheriſh that Syntereſis, th
naturall power in the ſoule, an
that wil ſtirre you up to a cheere
fulneſſe in goodneſſe : *Ne quæra
Deum in hortis & paſcuis delitiarum
Moſes eum invenit in ſpinis & aſpe
ritate vitæ.*

A man whoſe ſoule is conver
ſant with *God*, ſhall finde more
pleaſure in the deſart and in death,
than in the Palace of a Prince.

Soveraigntie reaches not to the
affaires

faires of Nature; even Princes muſt dye; *I have ſaid you are gods, but you ſhall dye like men.*

The benefits by Death.

THe benefits that come by Death: Fulneſſe of Grace which here we have but in part; *vivere velint homines ut perfecti ſint, mori volunt & perfecti ſunt.* Here we have but *Arrham Spiritus*, there we ſhall have *pretium*; *Sedete à dexteris*, will be our welcome.

Secondly, perfection of Glory: now I know but in part, but then I ſhall know as I am knowne: now I ſee darkly as in aglaſſe, then ſhall I ſee face to face. There ſhall bee new Heavens, new Earth; The world ſhall be made better, not nothing. *Suſcipit enim meliorationem, non interitum: Old things are paſſed away, behold*, ſaith Saint *Paul*, *all things are become new. There ſhall be*

no

no more an Infant of dayes, nor an old man that hath not filled his dayes, saith *Esay*. The Heavens you behold shall be superinvested with new indowments, made everlasting habitations for the Saint departed; *Erimus participes, non tantùm spectatores gloriæ*, Enjoy with these eyes *visionem illam beatificam*, Joy unspeakable, and this joy, saith S. *John*, *No man shall take from you.*

Thirdly, inseparable fellowship with Christ: *They follow the Lambe whithersoever hee goeth.* There wee shall be married to him, here we be but contracted; *Despondabo te mihi*, saith the Prophet. Those favours and love-tokens I have here received, doe but inflame, not satisfie: And these I am willing to part with, lest they should make me loth to depart to him that gave mee them.

Meretricius est amor, plus annuli quàm sponsum amare.

Lastly, it brings mee where I would

would be; into my owne *Country*, into *Paradise*, where I shall meet, not as in the *Elizium* of the *Poets*, *Catones*, *Scipiones* & *Scevola's*; But *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Iacob*, the *Patriarchs* my Fathers, the *Saints* my brothers, the *Angels* my friends; my wife, children, and kinsfolkes that are gone before me, and doe attend mee, looking and longing for my arriving there. Where we shal thus congratulate, as Saint *Paul* saith; we are met in Mount Sion the Citie of the living God, and the celestiall Jerusalem; in the company of innumerable Angels; where things that eye hath not seene, nor eare heard, nor heart of man can conceive, are prepared for us and all that feare God.

Therefore I will say, *Lord*, when shall I come and appeare before thee? *Like as the Hart panteth for the water-brookes; so pants my soule for thee, O God: I had rather be a doore-keeper in thy house, than dwell* here, though in chambers of pleasure.

Touching

Touching the ſecond generall Diviſion.

II.

The Feares or Joyes that Death brings.

The feares of Death.

TImor eſt dolor, *The King of feares* is Death; For nothing is abſolutely fearfull, but what tends to death. *The living dogge*, ſaith *Salomon*, *is better than the dead Lyon.* The baſeſt life excels the beſt bare being. Naturally men feare Death, becauſe it ends being, which Nature would preſerve. *Omnis dolor ſurgit ab amore: Rachel mourned for her children and would not be comforted becauſe they were not.*

Very

Very not being is ſufficiently abhorred by Nature; yet death ends not being.

Chriſtians were wont to bee of that courage that they feared nothing but ſinne; *Timuit mortem Petrus, & negavit Chriſtum.* But why ſhould a man feare death, that doth but reſtore him to him that made him? *Timeat mortem qui Deum non timet; ſed ſi ſperare deſideras, deſine timere.* Feares, as all paſſions, doe diſquiet the heart: Yet juſt feare breeds but care; and feare mixt with faith, ſolicites unto goodneſſe: but diſtruſtfull feare, as over-confident hope, are both alike hurtfull.

Sunt autem qui Deum nec timent, nec ſperant; Theſe men are deſperate: Goe on, and ſhut up a careleſſe life with a diſconſolate death: Feare vice ſpecially in age, leſt the nearer you come to death, the farther you goe from life. The *Convert* ſaid well, *Periiſſem niſi periiſſem.*

It

It is true, the name of Death to most is fearefull; Yet *Pompa mortis magis terret quàm ipsa mors.* Grones, Convulsions, discoloured faces, these shew Death terrible; because God loves at first to make way for himselfe by terror, but at last conveyes himselfe to us in sweetnesse. And what trouble can the feare breed, when that which is feared is a favour?

That *Philosopher* is not to bee followed, who to prepare himselfe the better for Death, did set forth death most fearefully: nor yet is that Emperour to be praised, who so little esteemed death, as he died in a complement.

The feare of Death, is worse than the paines of Death: *Timor mortis, ipsa morte pejor*; Because feare of Death kils us often, where Death it selfe can doe it but once. And when that is done, saith *Iob*, the *Wombe will forget thee, and the wormes feed sweetly on thee.*

There is nothing more miserable

rable or fooliſh than alwayes to feare.

The *Philoſopher* thought, that if Death (as bad as men count it) were not mingled with bitterneſſe, men would runne to it with deſire and indiſcretion.

Ergo mortem concupiſcentes, & timentes æquè abjurgat Epicurus.

It is true, Life would not bee troubled with too much care, nor Death with too much feare; becauſe feares betray, cares diſorder thoſe ſuccors which reaſon would afford to both: But hee is more ſorrowfull than is neceſſary, that is ſorrowfull before there be neceſſitie. Nor will I ever thinke my ſoule in good caſe, ſo long as I feare to thinke of dying. When the Prince of life was under the Arreſt of Death, then Deaths ſeeming victory was terrible: But now, *O Death where is thy ſting? O Grave where is thy victory?*

Feares

Feares multiply evils, Faith diminiſhes them; yet moſt men wiſh, *ut mors potiùs ſemel incidat, quam ſemper impendeat*, becauſe nothing is ſo painfull as to dwell long under the expectation of ſome great evill. Of themſelves, paines of Death are only throwes of travell that bring forth joyes in ſuffering paines.

Abſolvitur anima, reſolvitur corpus; gaudet quòd abſolvitur, quòd reſolvitur non ſentit.

The Heathen man could ſay, *Non ego pœnas eſſe quibuſdam poſt mortem; ſed quid ad mortem, quia poſt mortem?* If there be any feares in Death, *Quare juvenes non timent fieri ſenes?* But it is the nature of feare, to make dangers greater, helpes leſſe than they are.

When *Anaxagoras* had word brought him that his deare and onely ſonne was dead; *Scio*, ſaid hee, *me genuiſſe mortalem.* The

ſonnes

ſonnes condition ſatisfied the fa-
thers paſſion.

There is no ſuch gentle remo-
vall of griefs, or life's diſcontents,
as the right ſenſe of Death: nor
can that man either live at eaſe, or
yet contentedly, that lives conti-
nually in feare of Death. *Nil in
morte metuamus, ſi nihil timendum
vita noſtra commiſit.* Never feare
what you ſhall ſuffer when you
are dead, if you have not deſerved
it while you lived.

In learning to live, ſtudie how
to dye. Wee take great care to
beſtow our time well while wee
live; but hee leeſes all his time,
that knowes not how to end his
time.

Naſcire mori miſerrimum.

Socrates *de morte diſputabat uſque
ad ipſam.* When *Otho* and *Cato* had
prepared all things for their death,
they ſetled themſelves to ſleepe:
when they awaked, and found

themselves upon the stroke of execution, all they said was, *Vita supplicio data est, mors remedio.* Tyrants have been told to their faces, that their mortall wounds made the Sufferers Immortall.

Vivere non potest, qui mori non audet.

There is no man so valiant as the beleever.

It was a proverb amongst the Heathens, *Soli Christiani mortis contemptores.*

Zeno's word was, *Difficile est hominem exuere*, but off he must.

It is true, feare of Death (as a tribute due to Nature) is a weakenesse; yet feares bee not always ill symptomes before death, nor in death. At that instant Nature will reluct to keepe still her being, unto which death is repugnant, life pleasing.

But neither life nor being are alike to all men: To an ill man the best had beene, not to have beene

Non nasci optimum; His next best were, to live long: It was ill with him that he was borne, worse that he must dye. Therefore not being sure of a better life, he would faine make much of this. He is conscious to himselfe, that this dying life wil bring him to a living death; yet thinkes, *Dum spiro, spero*; and so flutters *inter mortis metum, & vitæ tormentum*; *nolit vivere, & nescit mori.* A good man is otherwise minded, he counts his end the best of his being, for that brings him to the fruition of his hope. *Quid vujus vivere est*, but *diis mori?* His word is, *Cùm expiro, spero*; my bodie onely lived *spirando*, my soule lives *sperando*: When his breath failes him, his hope faints not, *Patienter vivit, delectabiliter moritur.* To this man, *mori quamprimùm*, is his rather, therefore he saith to his soule, *Why art thou cast downe, O my soule, why art thou so disquieted within me? wait on God.*

The difference of ſoules as well in dying as living.

SOule and Soule are differenced in dying, as well as in being. The Atheiſt dares not dye for feare of *non eſſe*; The ill liver dares not dye for feare of *malè eſſe*; The doubtfull conſcience dares not dye *neſciendo*, whether he ſhall be, not bee, or bee damned; Onely the good man dares and deſires to dye. Hee is aſſured of his hope, his hope is full of immortalitie. *Whom can I feare, when I know in whom I beleeve*, ſaid the holy Martyr? *I am thy Savation*, ſaith that Saviour of man.

Could Death end miſery, the greateſt happineſſe a wicked man would wiſh, were the Act of death. But his conſcience will not let him lye; he knowes the end of his preſent miſeries, is the beginning

of worse, yea, such as Death it selfe cannot terminate; for that would be happinesse enough, had he hope there would be an end at the last.

Tophet is prepared for the bad, and *Paradise* for the good; *As the tree falleth, so it lyeth*; As Death leaves him, so Judgement shall finde him.

There was neither death nor life but had some good in it, could he have seene it. In life there was some ease, in Death an end; But in *Inferno* there is neither ease nor end.

Prima mors animam dolentem pellit de corpore;

Secunda mors animam dolentem tenet in corpore.

There is no *Annus Platonicus*, nor yeare of Jubile in this place.

Could wee therefore forethinke what bitter paines our

ſweet ſinnes will coſt, wee would be provident, we durſt not but be innocent.

But fooliſh men give away their ſoules for nothing: yet thoſe that would not feare for love, ſhall tremble for feare, and find, though too late, how much prevention is better than confuſion. In the ſenſe of paine, and horrour of Conſcience they will one day cry, *O vos omnes qui tranſitis*, All ye that paſſe by, *attendite, & videte ſi eſt dolor ſicut dolor meus!*

It is ſtrange that wee will not bee wiſe by other mens harmes: for though wee love our ſelves better than others, yet wee ſee others better than our ſelves. Reaſon therefore bids us, if wee would ſee our owne caſe, then to view it in another mans perſon, and ſo prevent that which he feeles.

Seldome doth hee dye well, that lives ill; therefore in the courſe of your life practiſe well doing,

doing; and at parting you shall have the confort of well dying.

Body and Soule parting.

SEd quàm amarum erit hoc tempore corporis & animæ ſeparatio? Wee ſee old acquaintance cannot part without teares. *Quid facient intimè familiares, quales ſunt corpus & anima, quæ ab ipſo utero ita jucundiſſimè vixerint.* If the Oxe loweth when his fellow is taken from him that drew the plough with him, *qualem mugitum* ſhall we give when ſoule and body part? *Succine ſeparas, amara Mors? Siccine ſeparas?*

When I goe in *fundum*, there ſhall I ſee *noſtrum nihil*, ſaith the Booke of Kings. The Spirit at this time may be willing, but the fleſh will be loth. *Ægrè amittitur, quod valdè amatur.*

Faith will aſſure God is thy Fa-

ther; but Nature will tell thee, She is thy mother, and thou mayest not yet leave her. In this conflict take heed the mothers side prevaile not; Shee will play *Naomies* part, perswade thee earnestly to stay and enjoy the delights of *Moab* yet a while longer; but resolve thou with *Ruth* to see what entertainment is for thee in Bethlehem, for there thou shalt finde a *Booz*. *In ista hora*, every man will make *Balaams* suit, (for no man would bee miserable, if it were enough to desire to bee happie.) *Beatus vult homo esse, etiam non sic vivendo ut possit esse.* Some there are that would not wish to live, but wish they had not lived. But such wishes will not serve, Death will not be satisfied with wishes, nor with words. Heaven is full of good workes, Hell full of good wishes. Hee must *piè vivere*, that will *securè mori*. Wee all desire to shut up our last scene of life, with, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo Spiritum*

Spiritum meum. But it is not the laſt words a man utters, that doe qualifie his Soule. Remember how in thy life thou haſt entertained Gods Spirit: for as wee uſed his in this life, ſo hee will uſe ours after Death. *Qualem quiſque ſe fecerit in hac vitâ, talem ſe inveniet exiens ab hac vitâ.*

At this houre what would a man give to ſecure his ſoule. *Quid dabis pro animâ tuâ, qui pro nihilo dat illam?* Poore man! never was any ſo rich as could pay the ranſome of his owne ſoule; a diſpleaſed mercy askes greater ſatisfaction.

And this know, that when thou dyeſt thou goeſt to give account of thy ſtewardſhip, that is, *Temporis amiſſi, Mali commiſſi, Boni omiſſi:* and thy ſoule alteady knowes in *conſcientia tua*, whither it goes; *quando egreditur è corpore tuo*; For thy conſcience is a Juſtice *Itinerant* with thee, and though thou canſt carry nothing elſe with thee, yet this thou canſt not leave be-

hinde thee, that will tell thee whither thou goeſt, and what thou ſhalt looke for: *Tunc quaſi loquentia tua opera dicent; Tu nos egiſti: Tua opera ſumus, non te deſeremus: ſed tecum ibimus ad Judicium.* In that day ſhall come into mens mindes (*vi divina*) in the twinkling of an eye all their paſt good, or evill workes.

Memory the Magazine of the Soule will then recount all that thou haſt done, ſaid, or thought all thy life long: for there needs no other art of memory for ſinne, but miſery.

Man is a great flatterer of himſelfe, but conſcience is alwayes juſt, and will never chide thee wrong-fully; It alwayes takes part with God againſt a mans ſelfe; It is *magiſtratus domeſticus*, that will tell what you doe at home; it is well termed, the Pulſe of the ſoule: Therefore, if you would know the true ſtate of your bodie or Soule, feele how this beats, that will

will tell you: yet take heed you make not an Idoll of your conscience; neither thinke, as some doe, that it is a crime to make a conscience of our actions. The Booke of Wisdome saith, That *wickednesse being pressed with conscience, fore-casteth grievous things*: feare is full of projects.

Nemo severiorem seipso habet judicem: Therefore *non timere judicium*, is a desperate thing; yet we pray daily, *Domine, adveniat Regnum tuum*.

It shewes a Christian courage, *Regnum Dei postulare*: But a man had need of a good cause, that wishes the comming of his Judge.

At point of death, if a man will take his ayme by the best men that ever lived or dyed; that of *David*, *Ezekias*, and of Christ himselfe (as hee was man) is able to amaze any man, when as our Saviour Christ, not many houres before he suffered, said, *Anima mea turbata est, & quid dicam?* and at the very point

point of death, ſaid, *Father, if it bee thy will, let this Cup paſſe from mee.* When *David* ſaid, *Save Lord for thy mercies ſake; for in death there is no remembrance of thee.* And *Ezechias wept ſore*, when hee was bid, *Put thy houſe in order, for thou muſt dye. Si Patres, ſi Prophetæ, ſi Apoſtoli, ſi Martyres, ſi Chriſtus ipſe*, was thus troubled at the houre of death, *Wretched man that I am, what ſhall I doe?* We were all to ſeeke, but that Chriſt bids us, *Be of good cheere, for I have overcome death, Mors morte redempta eſt.* Now there is advantage in death; that which was the wages of ſinne, is made the reward of righteouſneſſe.

Now that death hath overcome death, and that faith hath ſecured feare, *Nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo mori.* For what can hee feare in death, whoſe death is his hope. *Timor timore pellitur, ut clavus clavo truditur. Right precious in the ſight of God is the death of his Saints.*

See

See then what makes men willing or loth to dye.

Obsecro te, Lucille, said *Seneca*, *Cur timeat laborem vir, mortem homo?* It is the present condition of men, that makes them willing or loth to dye.

Nor life, nor death are alike to all men: Some can as willingly leave the world, as others can forbeare the Court. And count him but unwise, *Qui os suum aperit aeri, ut se satianet vento.* Some say unto themselves, *Since the Fathers fell asleepe, all things continue as they were: Libere ignorant, ut liberius peccent:* Some pleasant their lives, as if the world should alwayes laugh upon them. *Quamvis pejor est mundus cùm blanditur, quàm cum indignatur.*

Some say, *Let us eat and drinke, for to morrow wee shall dye, Et post mortem nulla voluptas.* These would doe any thing rather than dye. Others thinking to please God by making themselves miserable,

live

live as if they came into the world but to act a sad mans part and dye.

De tanta lætitia, quanta tristitia!

These wish a change, hoping it will bee a benefit. All weake minds seeke ease in change. Therefore well said the sonne of *Syrach*, *O death, how acceptable is thy remembrance to him whose strength faileth. That is now in his last Age, and vexed with all things; and to him that despaireth and hath lost patience.* Contrariwise, *O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lyeth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that prospereth in all things.* (*Sed, O seculum nequam, quòd solos tuos sic soles beare amicos, nè Dei facias inimicos.*)

Certainly to this man that thus lives at ease in delicacie with affluence of all things, (for to use happinesse is as difficult as to forbeare it) to him it is a sad and bitter

ter

ter meditation to think that death must take him from all these joyes, wherein his heart tooke pleasure, though indeed pleasures are but paines in their losse. *O pro quantillo Regnum perdidi!* said *Lisimachus*, when hee gave his kingdome for a cup of cold water.

Thus as men differ in their condition; so doe they in the acceptation of death. *Sed, O quàm amara mors mundum amantibus.*

Every poore contentment glues us to that we like. And what are those contentments? Vain hopes, idle pleasures, false honours, unsatisfying wealth, stormie contentments, all contemptible. For all that some good men covet, *Et Deum & mundum simul complecti*; but that will not bee; *Nam Deus non amat cor divisum.* A man cannot looke up to heaven with one eye, and downe to the earth with the other. *Amor Dei non est dividenda terrenis*; Christ would not have

have his Coat divided.

If thy heart bee ſet on heaven, thy ſoule will have no pleaſure in theſe low things, looke upward. *Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlumque tueri.* The minde contemplating heaven, walkes beyond eye-ſight, and at ſo farre a diſtance diſcernes God, as if he were at hand. There be certaine Subſapients ſo worldly wiſe, as they thinke all other men inſipients. To converſe with God is true ſolace. *Moſes* was with God in the mountaine, and came downe gliſtering, his face ſhining. *Peter*, when he was taken up to the mount, cryed, *Faciamus hic tria Tabernacula*: Who ever they bee that dwell in Contemplation of heavenly things, ſee viſions, and come off rich in thoughts. In this ſtate, ſaid *David*, I have had more joy of heart, than they whoſe wine and oyle increaſed.

Therefore if thy heart be right, thou needeſt not feare: But a heart and a heart God cannot abide.

bide. *Cor extenſum* God loves. It is noted in Nature, that the feareſulleſt creatures have the largeſt hearts. Let the feare of God inlarge thy heart, and then you need not feare your day of death: *Nam dies iſte, quem tanquam extremum aliqui reformidant, tibi æternæ ſalutis erit.* Nor yet the face of death, for it will looke upon thee, *Facie non horrendâ, ſed blandâ; non terribili, ſed amabili.* Here is the difference, the good mans hope is even in death: The worldlover ends his hope and happineſſe, when he dyes: As *Ahab* ſaid to *Elias*, ſo ſaith hee to death, *Haſt thou found me, O mine enemy?* Whereas the other ſaith, as *David* ſaid to *Ahimaaz*, Let come and welcome, for *he is a good man, and commeth with good tidings.*

Plato diſcourſing unto one, *De contemptu mortis*, and ſpeaking ſtrangely upon it, was anſwered, *Fortiùs loqueris, quàm vivis: At ille dicebat, non quemadmodum viveret,*

verit, sed quemadmodum vivendum esset. For a weake mans rules may be better than the best mans actions. But however the Contemplation of death pleaseth, the suffering of death will pinch. A man satisfied, that death is nothing but a bridge to convey over a tempestuous water to a calme shore; yet did not the word, *Ibis ad patres*, sweeten the Contemplation; as did that wood cast by *Moses* into the waters of Marah, turning bitternesse into sweetnesse. The thought of death (though it bee but a gathering to our Fathers) would be an unpleasing study.

But feares being past, which are but shadowes, set off joyes the better, therefore now to see the joyes that Death brings.

The

The joyes brought by Death.

PEr angusta pervenitur ad angusta: The soule of joy lyes in the Soules joy. It was *Sampsons* Riddle, *Out of the bitter came sweet.* The good mans quality is to look thorow death to glory. When we thinke of the separation of bodie and soule, then it is a sweet Contemplation to consider the conjunction of our bodies and soules with Christ; which being made by the bond of the spirit in this life, shall never afterwards be cancelled. For let death, wilde beasts, or birds devoure and teare the bodie from the soule, yet neither bodie nor soule are thereby severed from Christ.

Non curo, saith *Ignatius*, *si ferarum dentes me moluerint, modò pura fiam farina Christo.*

And yet the bodie thus consumed,

med, lives not in the grave, nor belly of the beast, nor yet receives life or sense from the soule, nor hath aptitude in it selfe to reanimation, whilest it is in this Seat.

The dead tree, saith *Job*, *by the sent of water will bud againe, but man is sicke and dyeth, and where is hee?* Surely not lost, but laid a while at rest.

But when the great Assises, that generall *venite* comes, Then looke what the condition of Christ was in his death, the like shall be of his members. The body and soule of Christ were severed as farre as heaven and the grave were distant; yet neither of them were parted from the God-head: So likewise our bodies and soules, though rent and pulled in sunder millions of miles distant, yet neither of them are severed or dis-joyned from Christ our head.

Qui prædixit, Revixit, and this hath wrought it. Humane wisedome cannot comprehend this:

Weake

Weake faith lookes for means, and is put to shifts, when she sees them faile; and yet Reason ministers helpe to faith, though it bee no ground of Faith. *Nam fides non tollit, sed potius extollit rationem.* Reason, the chiefest peece of man, would, but cannot reach so high. Grace that hath taken up her seat in the Soule, makes Reason see what Nature cannot: And yet man, doe what hee can, is still apt to seeke a reason why hee should beleeve. But Omnipotencie, which workes by improbabilities, tels us, there is no strong faith where there is apparant meanes. Difficulties and improbabilities are the proper objects of faith; *Crede, quod non vides, & videbis, quod non credis.*

Philosophers say, that credulity upon weak grounds, is the daughter of Folly. But as opinion is owing unto reason, so is Faith to Religion. With them, to beleeve nothing for which they saw not reason, was counted wisdome.

But

But faith is not faith if reason comprehend it; Faith and Reason have their limits; where Reason ends, Faith begins: Of old it was the greatest argument for proofe of Christianitie, the proceeding of it contrary to reason.

In Nature we see that in Winter season, trees which seeme as dead, revive againe in the Spring: because the Bodie, Graines, and Armes of the Tree are joyned to the Root, where the Sap lyes all the Winter, and by meanes of conjunction it conveyes vegetation to all parts of the Tree: Even so mens bodies have their Winter, when they are turned into dust. *Homo arbor inversa, cujus radix in cœlis, rami in terra.* Mans life lyes hid in Christ with God; Yet in the day of Resurrection, by reason of this Mysticall Conjunction, divine and quickening vertue shall streame from Christ to his Elect, and cause them to resurge from grave to life eternall. For the head will

will not be without the members; where he is, there they shall be also. Therefore incredulous Nature shrinke not at the possibilitie of Resurrection when the God of Nature undertakes it.

It is noted how in that transfiguration, the body of *Moses* which was hid in the valley of Moab, appeared in the hill of Tabor, which assures that this body of ours, lodge it where you will, is not lost, but laid up to be raised to glory, as it was laid downe in dust.

The incineration and dissipation of this dust shall have a recollection in the day of Resurrection.

In the valley of dead bones, did not the Spirit say to *Ezechiel*, Propheſie upon theſe bones, and say, *O yee drie bones, I will cause breath to enter into you, I will lay sinewes upon you, and will bring up flesh, and you shall live. Awake then, and sing, you that dwell in dust*, saith *Esay*, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs: and the earth shall cast out her dead.

I know, saith *Job*, *that my Redeemer liveth, and I shall see God face to face.* Our bodies, you see, are not cast off by death, but put to new making. Therefore Saint *Bernard* upon the losse of his friend, expostulates thus with Death; *Occidisti, possedisti, Sed, quid? corpus, non animam: & veniet aliquando Christus cum potestate, & majestate carnem illam quærere, & illud corpus cadaverosum configurare corpori claritatis suæ.*

It is well for man, that his bodie by death becomes putrid, resolved and crumbled to nothing, else how would some mens corps be honoured, if not adored, after death.

Sleepe saith now unto her Sister Death, *Awake thou that sleepest, for now is your salvation nearer, than when you beleeved.*

Why then should a man immoderately sorrow, since sorrow is good for nothing but for sinne; or grieve for the death of a friend;

since

ince, as *Seneca* ſaith, It is but enie, not ſorrow? Now that the hilde is dead, wherefore ſhould I aſt or weepe, ſaid *David*? Griefe receding evill, if it bee uſed for a emedy, cannot be too much: But hat which followes an evill paſt emedie, cannot be too little. The reſt of death ſhall not alwayes eepe him that lyes downe in eace.

The bodies of Saints, ſaith *Auine*, ſhall be raiſed, *Tant â facilitate uant â felicitate*, with as much eaſe s happineſſe: *Nam mors tantùm termittit vitam, non eripit*; it doth ot diſanull, but diſcontinue life. nd by our riſing we are remitted o our better right: A life which ever dyes, a morning that hath o Eve nor ending.

Now me thinkes I heare death y of life, as *Iohn Baptiſt* ſaid of hriſt, *He that commeth after me, is fore me.*

O ſweet word! Life, the beſt onoſyllable in the world, Gods

owne attribute: *Deus vivit*, And *my ſoule* (ſaith *Iob*) *ſhall live, for my Redeemer liveth.*

And is this life but the child of death? then bleſſed alſo bee the word *Death*, the mother of life, *will no more call thee Marah*, but *Naomi*; for thou art not bitter, but ſweet, more pleaſant, though ſwifter in thy gate than the Roe or Hinde. The Stoike could ſay *Mors eſt quæ efficit, ut naſci non ſit ſupplicium.* But what ſaith Saint *Iohn? I heard a voyce from heaven ſaying, Write; Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord, they dye no more, Death hath no more power over them. All teares are wiped from their eyes.* Petronella the daughter of Saint *Peter, febre moritur: rogatus Petrus cur non illi ſicut aliis ſuccurreret, illi præſtare reſpondit*, It was better for her to dye.

Compare life with death, and you will clearely ſee, how Death which ſeemes to diſpoſſeſſe us of all, puts us in poſſeſſion

more than that all:

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas Ostendunt.

It is but being which wee have by birth. A better being is by Death: *Esse naturæ est, bene esse gratiæ, optimum esse gloriæ.* Mans happy being is Eternitie. Gods proper Name is, Being. Being is our Christen name.

Faine would man bee happie while he lives: But the world will scarce afford him a vacation unto sorrowes. No man can speake him happie, that hath a day to live. *Nescit enim quid serus vesper vehat.* There is divine Philosophie in that saying, *Others bring forth the best wine first, but thou bringest that which is best last.* The end of man is better than man, whose birth is Sinne, his life Folly, his death Rottennesse.

Though we cannot brag of our Parentage, because *our Father was an Amorite, our mother an Hittite*; And it is but a windie happinesse that is sought in titles taken upon others credit: yet it was happinesse to me, that God wrapt me up in his Covenant, reserved me for a time of truth, derived me of religious Parents, and made mee a subject to vertuous and gracious Kings. Yet this birth brought me into a world of miseries, allowing no ceasing from sorrowes: *Ne natalem quidem excepit.* For crying was the first note of my being, *Calamitatis futuræ Propheta.*

Here I dwell cottaged in a house of clay, whose foundation is dust: but Death brings mee to an habitation made without hands, everlasting in the heavens. *Ad excelsa sublatus inter felices currit animus, excipitque illum cœtus sacer;* Where for Love, I shall be a Son; for Birthright an heire; for Dignitie, a King. Here I have conversed

verſed, and had commerce with men, there I ſhall have communion with Saints, fellowſhip with Angels; enjoy *viſionem illam beatificam*, the immediate fruition of God and Chriſt.

O happie and ſafe condition of Gods children, whom paine thus eaſeth, Death revives, diſſolution unites, ſinne glorifies.

Old Father *Jacob*, when he was told of his ſonne *Joſephs* power in Ægypt, was not ſatisfied to heare of his honours, but enquires of his life: Intimating, that life to come, is better than all the honours that are in Ægypt, or fortunes that are on earth. Nor yet did *Joſephs* life content him without his being with him. (For a good heart will be content to ſhare with others in their miſeries unbidden, but cannot endure to bee happy alone,) and therefore ſaid, I will goe ſee him: counting it better to behold with the eye, than to walke in deſires: for indeed the

best things that are, pleasure us not in their being, but in our enjoying them.

The joy of Soule and Bodie at their meeting.

HAppinesse communicated, doubles it selfe; these two Cousins, Soule and Body, as *Mary* and *Elizabeth*, will hasten to meet in the hill Countrey. And what then shall be the joy, when soule and body separate for a season, (although in the interim the Soule doth not wander and obambulate) shall meet againe in joy, and mutually enjoy one the other?

The sense of this delight and contentment did well appeare in that meeting betwixt *Iacob* and *Ioseph*, when mutuall losse and separation for a while did more endeare each to other.

Intermission of comfort hath this

this advantage, that it ſweetens our delight more in the returne, than was abated in the forbearance.

And was *Iacob* glad to leave his Countrey, and the land of Promiſe, to ſee his younger ſonne *Ioſeph*, though in Ægypt? What then ſhall bee the Soules joy, to end a pilgrimage in a ſtrange Land, and goe to ſee her elder brother Chriſt in heaven? In this reſpect, *Cupio diſſolvi* was Saint *Pauls* wiſh. For this tedious mortalitie, pleaſant it how man can, will grow intolerable, if Death doe not disburthen it. Long living ſo loades us with ſinne, as ſinne it ſelfe tyres at laſt him that loved it beſt.

It is an Inmate that will rooſt with us as long as life affords it houſe-roome, nor will it lodge alone, but ſtill one ſin will bring in another.

But through Death, the very bodie of Death, and burthen of

ſinne, are caſt out both together.

Sith then the life I now leade is beſet with Death, tends to Death, ends in Death, I will no longer miſtake tearmes, calling that Death which is life, that life which is death: *Hanc eſſe mortem, quam nos vitam putamus: Illam vitam, quam nos pro morte timemus*, but will hold with Saint *Auguſtine*:

Per vitam ad mortem tranſitus eſt: per mortem ad vitam reditus eſt.

Death the Regeneration of the Soule.

I Thinke the Pagans had ſome ſenſe of this, who did celebrate the day of their death with mirth, and the day of their birth with mourning. And the conceit of thoſe Philoſophers was divine, who

who held, that although the ſoule of man was then infuſed when man was made, yet is it new borne when man dyes. His bodie being the wombe, Death the Midwife which delivers that to ſorrow, this to glory.

Returne thou to thy reſt, O my Soule, for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

I can no otherwiſe joy in my birth, than did the Prophet *Jeremiah*, who ſaid, *Let not the day wherein my mother bare mee, bee bleſſed.*

If we obſerve mans ingreſſe into the world, his progreſſe in it, his egreſſe out of it, we muſt needs wonder, and ſay with *David, Lord, what is man?*

Quis pavet? Quis flet? Quis eget?
Quis errat? Solus (Heu ſortes) Homo.
Sperat, optat, alget, voluit, explorat, queritur. Malorum omnia plena.

But to assure there are joyes in Death, what saith the Scripture to well-dying men?

Rejoyce and lift up your heads, for now your Redemption draweth neere. This body shall rise a glorious body, be a Spirituall body, not in Substance, but in quality: like that body of the Sonne of God.

Unto you that feare God, saith the Prophet *Malachy*, *The Sonne of Righteousnesse shall arise with healing in his wings.*

The

The third generall *Division.*

III.

When Death is to bee prepared for; and how.

The time when.

PLato, that *Deus Philosophiæ*, saith, There is *nulla salutaris Philosophia*, but *perpetua mortis meditatio.* And *sine ista meditatione tranquillo esse animo nemo potest.* Dreadfull Death laughs at the vaine conceits and precepts of humane tranquillity. It is, saith *Scipio*, the most honourable Philosophie, to study a mans mortality:

lity: *Mortis meditatio est vita sapientis*: Politikes say, *Tota vita discendum est vivere.* But saith *Seneca, Hoc magis miraberis, Tota vita discendum est mori.* The Divine saith best, *Cogita de fine infinito, & vives in infinitum.*

Fooles would faine doe at last, that which wise men doe at first: Prepare for their end. Careleſſe men thinke the Signiory of time is at their command, to doe what they list, when they list. Indeed youth and age are measured by government, not by time: Time it selfe is *mensura Temporis*: but wee must consider, wee have little power over the present, lesse over the future. *Davids* example is worth the following, who cryed, *Betimes, Lord, let me know mine end, and the measure of my dayes, what it is, and how long I have to live. All the dayes of mine appointed time,* saith *Job, I will watch till my changing shall come.*

Time it selfe, which covers all that's

that's paſt, and diſcovers all that is to come, hath now had all his changes: Natures time is paſt, The Law which ſucceeded is aboliſhed. Now is the Goſpels time, after which there ſhall be no more changes.

Change (the great Maſter of the world) that hath this time for his Agent, abuſeth many with the hope of Time. It is true, There is nothing our own but time, which a ſervant equall to all, holds pace, and flyes as faſt in idleneſſe as in buſineſſe:

So that though time well ſpent diminiſhes our time, yet when it is imployed in timely preparation, it layes up time as treaſure for a future time; and thus is rather a husbanding, than conſuming of time. *Diem perdidimus*, ſaid *Veſpaſian*. He lives in ſafetie, that watches his time: but in reckoning of time moſt men miſcaſt it, counting for firſt, that which is laſt; and that laſt, which is firſt; beginning the

the account from the day of birth: whereas our deaths day, is our first day: for the last of life, is the first day to life, we then ceasing to die, when we leave to live.

Solebat dicere Fabianus; In tria tempora vita dividitur: Quod est, Quod fuit, Quod futurum est: Ex his, quod agimus breve est; Quod acturi sumus, dubium; Quod egimus, certum.

Reckon first with time past, and you may make time to come certaine. *Nondum venit hora*, deceives many a man; but when the Sunne comes to the Meridian, the yeere to the Solstice, then looke for a turning of thy dayes.

The Scepticks put a *fortassè* upon all things in the world. But saith Saint *Augustine*, There is no one thing in the world to bee named, where this word *fortassè* had no place, except you speake of Death: *Hîc solùm fortasse locum habere non potest.*

It may bee said of Death, as is of

of the Kingdome of Heaven, It comes not by obſervation. Hee lives not, that knowes where, when, or how hee ſhall dye. Yet none lives, but knowes hee muſt dye.

Mors omnibus finis, multis remedium, quibuſdam votum: de nullis melius merita, quàm quibus accidit, antequam vocaretur. Therefore ſaid one, *Dementiæ eſt*, it is more than folly not to be prepared for death. *Sed ſi mortem venientem præmeditamur, tunc ſuperatur.* The preparation for Death, makes a fruition of life. *Nemo propter canos & rugas diu vixit*; yet never man preſerved himſelfe from dying, by forgetting Death. *Gerſon* brings in an Engliſhman asking a French-man, *Quot annos habes?* How many yeares are you? His anſwer was, *Annos non habeo*, I am of no yeeres at all, but Death hath forborne me theſe fiftie yeares.

The very Heathens, through Natures inſtinct, provided themſelves

ſelves for Death by Sacrifices to their gods.

Frange Toros, Pete vina, Roſas cape, Tangere nardos;

Ipſe jubet mortis te meminiſſe Deus.

A faire way of dying well.

SAlomon ſaying, that *the day of death was better than the day of birth*, inferred that there was a faire way of dying well, whereunto two things were moſt requiſite.

Firſt, a timely preparation before death was moſt requiſite.

Nam facile ſuſtinet, qui expectat mortem.

That Oracle of Morall men wiſe *Seneca* was wont to ſay, *Sæpe debemus*

debemus mori, nec volumus; morimur, nec volumus. We ought often to prepare for death, and will not: at last wee dye indeed, and would not. *Cæsar Borgias* being sicke to death, said, When I lived, I provided for every thing but Death; now I must dye, and am unprovided to dye.

Previous preparation becomes a wise man, *Sed in hac errore omnes versamur, quòd non putamus nisi senes ad mortem vergere; citamur nec sensu, nec ætate. Mors, quo facilius obrepat, sub ipso vitæ nomine latet.*

Procrastination is the great enemie to preparation. This *vox Corvina*, that alwayes cryes, *Cras, cras*, couzens many a man, making him *perdere hodiernum*, trusting upon to morrow. Saith *Tibullus, Iam mala finissem letho, sed credula vitam spes alit, & melius cras fore, semper ait*: but trust not to that: *Ille sapit, quisquis Posthume, vixit heri.* Wee pray daily, Lord give us this day our daily bread.

Dum

Dum dicitur, Hodie, wee ſhould remember, Life is but a day, *Dies, non ſeculum.* Wherefore, ſaith *Salomon, Talke not of to morrow neſcis enim quid ſuperventura pariet dies.*

By deferring wee preſume upon that we have not, and neglect that we have.

Quod in manu fortunæ poſitum eſt, diſponimus; quod in tua eſt, dimittis: which made the Heathen Poet, *divino furore inſtinctum*, utter *hoc ſalutare carmen,*

Optima quæque dies miſeris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit.

Therefore, *noli tardare*, delay not thy prepare for death, till the approaches of Death. *Recordare noviſſimum, & non peribis in æternum.*

In evils to be prevented, delay is a kinde of eaſe, not ſo in good things.

Doe therefore the worke of the day

day *in die ſuo*. No man can promiſe himſelfe a morrow.

Fleres, ſi ſcires unum tua tempora menſem:

Rides, cùm non ſit forſitan una dies.

Every man hath his day. Jeruſalem, *hadſt thou known this but in this thy day*, thou wouldeſt not, &c. *Eſt & dies hominis, & dies Domini.* When mans day is paſt, then Gods day comes. *Nam vita eſt niſi vigilia*, The Eve of another day.

A man, ſaith *Luther*, lives forty yeeres before he knowes himſelfe to be a foole; and by that time he ſees his folly, his life is finiſhed. So men dye before they begin to live.

The caſe therefore of thoſe men is moſt unhappie, who after fortie or fiftie yeares of dayes, in their miſ-ſpent time (for it was but

but *tempus*, not *vita*) and now readie to dye, are even then to learne how to dye, when they are in the Act of dying.

Quæ tam ſtulta mortalitatis oblivio,
Inde velle vitam inchoare; quò pauci perduxerimus?

Deferring as well as preſuming, makes many men implicite Atheiſts.

It was a ſweet ſpeech, and might well have become an elder body, which a young innocent childe of my owne uſed in extremitie of ſickneſſe, Mother, what ſhall I doe? I ſhall dye before I know what Death is. I beſeech you tell mee what is Death, and how I ſhould dye. *Certe multum intereſt, peccare aliquis nolit, an neſcit.* But there is *nil miſerius morienti, quàm neſcire mori*; nay, ſaith one, *Tolerabilius eſt non eſſe, quàm neſcire mori.*

Sith

Sith then it is a thing as well naturall as neceſſary for a man to dye, it is no thankes to a man to pay that willingly, which he muſt doe of neceſſitie. But in paying of this debt, wiſedome counſels two things:

Firſt, to conſider the time when.

Secondly, the meanes, how.

For the time; Seeke not Death in the errour of thy life. *Remember thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth, while the evill dayes come not, nor the yeeres approach wherein thou ſhalt ſay, I have no pleaſure in you. Before the ſilver cord bee looſed, the golden Ewer broken: Before the Almond tree flouriſh, and the Graſhopper be a burthen: Before the keepers of the houſe ſhall tremble, the ſtrong men bow, the grinders ceaſe, they wax d r'ze that looke out of the windowes, and the daughters of Muſicke be brought low.*

Old *Barzillai* being in this caſe, refuſed all the pleaſures of a Kings

houſe,

houſe, though hee was kindly intreated by the King himſelfe.

Age or ſickneſſe will make a man unapt either to compoſe, or diſpoſe himſelfe to death. *Tunc tibi tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora.* It is no fit time then to prepare to dye, when it is a burthen to live; So in the Law, God required the firſt fruits, not the Lees for his portion.

Old age it ſelfe is a young death: for Age ſolicits Death, Youth ſcornes it. Thy beſt health affords but time good enough for this buſineſſe. Therefore dedicate not all thy time to buſineſſe, for that as well as ſloth may rob thee of thy time. Some Talents improve moſt by laying up.

Three ſignes of approaching Death.

DOe you deſire ſome ſignes of death, before you prepare your

your ſelfe for death? *Tres ſunt mortis nuntii, caſus, infirmitas, ſenectus. Caſus dubia, infirmitas gravis, ſenectus certa denunciat. Caſus nunciat mortem latentem, infirmitas apparentem, ſenectus præſentem.* Age and ſickneſſe ſummon men to their diſſolution.

When *Ezechiah* had beene ſicke unto death, he wrote thus: *In the cutting off my dayes, I ſhall goe to the gates of the grave. I reckoned to the morning, I ſhall walke weakely all my yeares, in the bitterneſſe of my ſoule.*

Thus it fareth with every man in age or ſickneſſe; when a man begins to be ſicke, his ſenſes are wholly buſied about the diſeaſe. The Phyſician is then conferring with him of the ſtate of his bodie. The Lawyer is then conſulted with about thy worldly ſtate. The Miniſter touching thy ſoules health. Thy friends are then unwelcome; Strangers trouble thee, Viſits offend thee; thy owne ſervants cannot pleaſe thee; Other

mens

mens diſcourſes tire thee; to ſpeak thy ſelfe ſpends thee; and to be ſilent grieves thee; not to be told how thou doeſt, vexes thee; to be told how ill thou art, diſcomforts thee; but it moſt of all afflicts thee, to ſee thy wife and children (thoſe peeces of thy ſelfe in another kinde) weeping and lamenting by thee.

Thus miſerably wee poore men at this time are diſtreſſed, and diſtracted, made unfit for any thing, when as God knowes a due preparation for death, requires all the faculties and ſtrength of a ſound, perfect, and whole man.

Thinke not to ſerve God with thy dotage, when thou haſt ſerved thy pleaſures with thy youth; God for his ſervice will have the young *Iſaac* of thine age. You ſhall not ſee my face, ſaith *Joſeph*, *except you bring your younger brother with you.*

Every man naturally, when hee comes neere the goale of death, even

was dead in his bed. They that bring it forth to action, are like him that was brought forth dead on his beare. But they that deferre and continue in ſinne, are like him that was foure dayes dead and ſtanke in his graue.

There is no ſafety in procraſtinating; therefore flatter not thy ſelfe by the theeues example, who repented, but in *illa hora*. That is not put for imitation, but to keepe from deſperation.

It is a ſtrange thing to ſee that old men will not ſee death, though it be before their faces; nor young men, though it ſtand at their backes. The old gray-headed man to ſeeme young, had coloured his haire blacke, but the deuill told him he would not bee ſo cozened.

Non omnes fallis, ſcit te Proſerpina canum. ye moone of ye planets

If men marke things well,

Mundus ipse senescit.

The common fashion is to put men in mind of their death, when we doubt they cannot liue: Till the Physitian find some ill symptomes, the patient may not be disheartned with the name of death. *Zenas* the Lawyer, and *Luke* the Physitian must haue giuen vs ouer, before we will send for *Barnabas* the sonne of Consolation: But at this time draw not the Curtaine before the sicke, but let him see his sinnes, for he is the good Physitian of my soule, that tels me of death, when he sees me liue in sinne.

There is not any man so wicked, who with his good will would die in his sinne; yet most men so liue, as if they beleeued, permission were the Article of their faith all their life long: and the Article of Remission of sinnes were reserued till the point of death. No man that truely repents

pents is refused at any time, but many a one sinnes so long, that he cannot repent.

Terrible will death be, when the dying man with griefe for opportunity lost, will repent that euer he liued, and would count it happinesse enough to dye, so hee might then cease to be. But that will not be, *Quia mors est sine morte, semper viuit, semper occidit, sed nunquàm præoccidit.*

That which ends all is without end. Remember the foolish Virgines: It will be too late to prepare oyle, when the Bridegroome is comming. The warning is giuen, *Be yee ready, for the Sonne of man comes at an houre: Non dicit annum, aut mensem, cùm ne securus per horam constet.* He saith, *Ecce venio sicut fur*; that is, when you sleepe best, and thinke least of him: *Dum nec mortem irruentem, nec Iudicem venientem, nec supplicium horrendum vidimus.*

Settlement in Religion is the best preparatiue for death.

NOw as it is wiſedome to be prepared for death; ſo if you will die with peace of conſcience, and without trouble of minde, bee well reſolued in point of Religion before you die: play not the hypocrite, nor the politicke, who cares not what Religion be, ſo ſome be; whoſe rule is, *Religio ad morem, non ad rem pertinet.*

It is true that honeſt men muſt haue ſomewhat of the Serpent, not all of the Doue. For pollicy and Religion do as well together, as they doe ill aſunder. Religion without pollicy is too ſimple to be ſafe: Pollicy without Religion is too ſubtile to be good. Worſe then both is prophane Newtrality, or *Laodicean* coldneſſe. Neuer any man was a looſer by beleeuing: for faith is euer recompenſed with glory; while thou liuedſt,

liuedſt, it was not amiſſe to make doubts; for it ſhewes wit to moue a queſtion well, and it ſhewes iudgement to reſolue well. In multitude of opinions, there is but one truth, and amongſt ſundry truthes, there is but one neceſſary to ſaluation. But in points of difference diſtinguiſh. For in reconcileable differences, nothing is more ſafe then indifferency. But in maine oppoſitions be not newter: for it is a leſſe eye-ſore to God to goe vpright in a wrong way, then to halt in a right way.

Though you moue doubts, yet dwell not in doubt. For you ſhall finde it a fearefull thing, to die in doubt; and the comfortableſt thing vnder heauen, to bee well aſſured, and cleerely reſolued in the truth of your faith before you die.

Some loue to ſee the obiect of their faith, and ſo are led to idolatry: Others to cooperate in the worke of their ſaluation, and ſo

giue part to merit. *Nil tibi tribuas*, is safest. There is danger in ascribing too little to grace, for that robs God of honour. But if wee ascribe too little to our selues, there is no danger on that side.

When this is done, then bee of good cheere, for thou shalt heare Christ (the life of thy hope heere, and hope of thy life hereafter) say vnto thy sicke soule, as he said vnto the sinfull woman, *Goe in peace, thy faith hath saued thee, enter thou into thy Masters ioy.*

And let all conceited humanists remember what their master *Aristotle* said when hee died: *Anxius vixi, dubius morior: O Ens entium, miserere mei.*

Sed parum prodest amodo miserere mei.

Now

Now of the way to dye well.

NOn eſt res magna viuere: Hoc omnes faciunt: ſed pauci bene moriuntur. Et illi Mors grauis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur ſibi. Man is ready to die before he liues, but therefore liueth a time in the world, that he may die betimes to the world. *His yeeres come to an end as a tale that is told*: his dayes deceiue him, for they paſſe as a ſhadow by Moonſhine, then appearing longeſt, when they draw neereſt to an end.

Things giue counſell vnto men, better then men do to the things. Heere we dwell but in Tents; and Tents, we know, are ſet vp to be taken downe againe ſhortly.

Wee that liue heere, liue by death; for had not Chriſt dyed, wee had not liued; he dyed for ſinne, we liue in ſinne. Therefore

with S. *Paul* I will say, *My life is not deare vnto mee, so as I may finish my course with ioy.*

Doe you desire to liue a long time? The sonne of *Sirach* saith, *A man that is made perfect in a short time, fulfils a long time. Et vita ipsa, si scias vti, longa est.* The Spaniard saith, *Vir bonus bis vivit. Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus; hoc est Vivere bis, vita posse priori frui.* He liues twice that bestowes the fore part of his life well.

Vincere scis Hanibal, vti victoria nescis.

Alexander had a good account of his age, reckoning by victories, not by dayes; So should good men count their dayes by the good they doe, or the sinne they conquer in that day.

Numbring of dayes, saith Saint *Augustine*, is not *numerus dierum quis sit*, but *qui sit*, thats the golden number.

Tres sunt dies hominum, saith Saint *Hierome*, *dies conuersionis*, *dies conuer-*

uerſationis, dies reſurrectionis. And thus doth one day certifie another.

Time lent vs flies away in the time that is lent vs, euery moment comming being the death of that is paſt: Therefore weigh well euery leaſt moment, for it is of ſo great moment, as that vpon it depends eternity of time to come.

THe Art of dying well is better learn't by practiſe, then by precept.

Vnto dying well three things are moſt requiſite.

1 Firſt, to be often meditating vpon death.

2 Secondly, to bee dying daily.

3 Thirdly, to die by little and little.

The first step of dying well.

OFten meditation of Death, brings a man to die in ease, for it alleuiates paines, expels feares, eases cares, cures sinnes, corrects Death it selfe.

Quo modo non morimur, cum vimur mortis? wee liue with so many deaths about vs, as wee cannot but often thinke of dying.

Euery humour in vs engenders diseases enough to kill vs, so that our bodyes are but liuing graues, and wee die, not because wee are sicke, but because wee liue. And when we recouer from sickenesse, we escape not sickenesse, but the disease.

Doe as the Preacher counsels; What thou hast to doe, that doe quickely; For in the graue, whither thou goest, there is neither worke, nor discourse, nor trauaile, nor wisedome, nor conuersation,

nor

nor fruition of any thing; all is entombed in sadnesse, darkenesse ouershadowing it.

Play then the wise mans part; Measure not life, *spatio, sed actu*. Life is ordained for Action, not for fruition. If thou hast any good to doe for the Church, the Common-wealth, or thy Friends, *fac citò*: for though he be happyest that can enioy a little with the peace of an honest heart, yet if thou hast much goods laid vp in store, make thee friends with thy Mammon: *nam bona tua sunt bona, si tu sis bonus*. But sing not a *requiem* to thy soule; nor say vainly, *Viuamus dum viuimus, fors fortunâ, vt volet, ordinet*: for so doth a minde vncertaine of successe, relieue it selfe with possibility: *Sed si cor tuum non esset fatuum, non crederes fatuum*. Wisedome is fortunes mistresse, waite on her, and remember, *Hac nocte*, the day of vanitie being past, the night of Iudgement comes: when both light

light and delight goe out together.

Excellently doth the Booke of Wisedom describe the thoughts of a vaine voluptuous man. This man reasoning with himselfe but not aright, Saith, Our life is short and tedious, against Death there is no remedy, from the graue there is no returning; wee are borne at all aduentures, and hereafter shall bee as if we had neuer beene: Our breath is smoake, a little sparke in our hearts, which being extinct, our body turnes to ashes, and our spirit vanishes like soft ayre. Come on therefore, let vs enioy the good things that are present, let vs fill our selues with costly wine and oyntments: let no flowre of the Spring passe by vs: Let vs crowne our selues with Rose buddes, leaue tokens of our iollity; for this is our portion, and our lot: let our strength be the law of Iustice: for that which is feeble is nothing worth.

The

The righteous man is not for our turne, he is alwaies contrary to our doings, hee vpbraideth vs with the law, obiects to our infamy the transgression of our education: He was made to reprooue vs: He is therefore grieuous to vs, his life is not like other mens, his waies are of another fashion.

Such things these vaine men haue imagined, but they are deceiued: when they cast vp the account of their owne Sinnes, they shall come with feare, and say with sorrow, This was he whom wee had sometimes in derision, and made a prouerbe of reproach. Wee fooles accounted his life madnesse, and his end to bee without honour.

But how is hee now numbred amongst the happy, and his lot amongst the Saints? what hath pride profited vs, or what hath riches with our vauntings brought vs? All these are passed away like a sha-

ſhadow, and as a poſte, that runneth by. This verifies that ſaying, *Breue eſt quod delectat, ſed æternum quod cruciat.*

Sadly and ſuddenly ſhalt thou finde all worldly pleaſures turned into waking dreames.

Dormierunt ſomnum ſuum & nihil inuenerunt omnes viri diuitiarum, ſaith the Pſalmiſt.

Notwithſtanding, man while he liues, fancies many things, and couets without end: but all to no end. *Et quæ paraſti, cuius erunt?* Either they paſſe from you, or you from them. *Si non habent finem ſuum, habebunt finem tuum.* All the towers in the ayre that thou haſt built, *vno ictu proſternentur.*

Priuacy

Priuacy with death, a soueraigne cordiall against death.

THerefore bee acquainted with death betimes, for through acquaintance death will leese his horrour; like vnto an ill face, though it be as formidable as a Monster, yet often viewing will make it familiar, and free it from distaste. Death is blacke, but comely. *Philostrates* liued seuen yeeres in his tombe, that he might be acquainted with it against his bones came to lie in it.

Some Philosophers haue beene so rapt in this Contemplation of death and immortality, that they discourse so familiarly and pleasingly of it, as if a faire death were to bee preferred before a pleasant life.

Where

Where the power of death lies.

THis is well for Natures part, & Moraliſts thinke this is enough for their part, to conceiue ſo: But Chriſtians muſt goe further, and ſearch deeper; They muſt trye where the power of death lies. They ſhall finde that the power of euery mans death lies in his owne ſinnes.

That death neuer hurts a man, but with his owne weapon; It alwayes turnes vpon vs ſome ſin it findes in vs. *The ſting of death is ſinne*: Plucke out the ſting, death cannot hurt vs. The way to dye well, is to dye often. Let a man often and ſeriouſly thinke of dying, then let him ſinne if hee can, ſaid *Picus Mirandula*. And herein is our happineſſe; though wee liue in ſinne, yet we die without ſinne. Therefore to mee death is welcome, not as an

end

end of troubles, but of ſinne.

The ſecond ſtep.

THe ſecond Step to dying well, is to dye daily.

Morior ne moriar, I dye dayly, ſaith S. *Paul*. *Singulos dies, ſingulas vitas puta; qui enim omnes dies tanquàm vitam ordinat, craſtinum nec optat, nec timet.*

The old ſaying is a good one, Doe that euery day, which thou wouldeſt doe the ſame day that thou dyeſt. *Bonum eſt conſumere vitam ante mortem*: But moſt men *de vita exeunt, antequam de morte cogitant*. Let be done willingly what we muſt doe neceſſarily, and what we can doe but once, let that be done well: Yeeld that readily as a gift, which you muſt pay as a debt at laſt. Did men think that death were only an end of life, and no more: euery man for

for his owne ends would bee a disturber of the worlds peace while he liued, and make his own peace but iust when he dyed.

Hee that dies daily, seldome dies deiectedly: *facile contemnit mortem, qui se quotidiè morituru putat*: likewise hee that will liue when hee dies, must dye while hee liues. For if hee dye not to sinne while he liues; his sinne will liue in him when hee is dead.

The widow that liues in pleasure (said Saint *Paul*) *is dead while she liues.* Liue holily, and you shall die happily: Liue as though there were no Gospel, but dye as though there were no Law. *Studeto talem esse in vita, qualem velis reperiri in morte.*

Two

Two ſorts of Death whereto euery man liuing is Subiect.

A Liuing man is ſubiect to a double death: The one naturall, the other ſpirituall. Naturall Death doth but ſeparate the body from the ſoule: But ſpirituall Death ſeparates the ſoule from God. Of all other, it is the moſt deſperate ſtate of life to liue naturally, and to bee dead ſpiritually: *Thou haſt a name to liue, but thou art dead*, ſaid Saint *Iohn* of the Church of *Sardis*. But of the Prodigall child returned from his euill wayes, it is ſaid, *This my ſon was dead: but is now aliue.*

In *Sardis* there grew an herbe called *Appium Sardis*, that would make a man lie laughing when he was deadly ſicke: Such is the operation of Sinne. Beware therfore of this *Riſus Sardonicus.*

Wee

Wee count it a fearefull thing for a man to bee author of his own death, but a ſinfull life ſlayes the ſoule, and ſo while we liue, wee kill or looſe our better life. The commandement that ſayes, *Thou ſhalt not kill*, ſpecially forbids the murthering of our owne ſoules.

Certainely that which depriues vs of our better life, makes of all other the worſt Death.

It is therefore holy wiſedome for a man to let his ſinnes dye before him. *Moriantur ante te vitia*, They actually, thou vertually: that ſo when thou art to dye indeede, thou haue nothing elſe to doe, but die.

Mortem horres amaram, ſubitam, turbulentam: vis placidam, piam, quietam? in tua eſt poteſtate, qualem vis, efficere.

If Riches, Honours, Pleaſures, haue taken thee, leaue them ere they leaue thee: and ſay vnto them, as *Iob* ſaid to his friends, *Miſera-*

ble

ble comforters are you all.

Turba eijcitur, vt puella excitetur, ſaith S. *Marke*. Thy Soule lies as that Damoſell in trances of Death, while ſhee is in the chambers of pleaſure, and is not raiſed to life; *Antequàm turba curarum & delitiarum mundanarum eijcitur.*

There is nothing wherein wiſedome is more ſeene then in the temperate vſe of pleaſures and proſperity (which are but falſe notes of truth) nor is there a truer argument of folly then vaineneſſe and exceſſe.

Oculi ſtultorum ſemper in finibus terræ, but trayle not after them.

Sufficit diei dolor ſui: A dayes ſickneſſe will make vs ſenſible of lifes greefe; yet if life doe delight thee (becauſe Ironies doe deny ſtrõgeſt in affirming) *vtere et fruere*. But take my counſell, keepe life in exerciſe of ſome calling. For you ſhall finde that exerciſe is no more wholſome for the body then the ſoule; wherefore to ſee well borne

men

men to deſpiſe honeſt callings, as now adayes they doe, is a pride without wit. And though pride and idleneſſe haue at this day baniſhed thrifty diligence out of great mens houſes, yet we ſee gallant *Abſalom* was a great Sheepmaſter, *Vzziah* the potent king of Iudah had not beene ſo great a King, had he not beene ſo great a husband: Good examples to teach vs, That the fortunes of great men, and the brauery of Courtiers, muſt be built vpon the groundes of frugality; were a calling but to keepe a man from Idleneſſe, it were a goodneſſe: for the induſtrious man is ſeldome at leaſure to ſinne: whereas the idle man hath neither leaſure nor power to auoide ſinne.

But howeuer thou entertayneſt life, vſe it as a trauailour doth his Inne, for a night, and away: *Heri appuliſti, Cras decedes.* And in thy Iourney follow not the common tracke, *Nam ad Deum faciens iter*

per

per trita ſi itur, longiùs abitur: But doe as a doubtfull Pilgrime, aske queſtions of euery one you meet, to ſet you on your way, Leſt, as Saint *Paul* ſaith, *A promiſe being made vs of entring into reſt, we come ſhort of it.* Herein be as great a queſtioniſt, as were thoſe religious Ladies of Rome, who neuer let Saint *Hierome* reſt for queſtions, which was the readieſt way to Heauen: yet in any caſe be none of thoſe Queriſtes, who muſt haue a reaſon for euery thing in Religion, who thinke to come to God by cunning, and by reaſon, not by Faith. As if none but good wittes could euer come to God.

Be dying dayly, and you ſhall ſoone come to God. If a man would compare the forenoone of his age with the afternoone, and obſerue how long the one is, and how ſhort the other is, euery man would be dying daily, and loathe to loſe a day.

Palmares poſuiſti dies meos, the longeſt

longeſt liuer hath but a handfull of dayes, & life it ſelfe like a circle alwaies begins where it ends.

Erat, quandò non erat; ſed erit.

Time was, when man was not: but how late a beginning ſoeuer man had, yet after death hee ſhall bee ſure neuer to ſee end.

With the Ancient of dayes there are no dayes: And the time ſhall be, when time ſhall be no more. *Supra eſt quod ſupereſt.*

Two common errours.

THere are two common errours which deceiue moſt men:

Firſt, that a man enters not into eternall life till hee dyes: whereas his calling here begins his life eternall.

This day is ſaluation come vnto thy houſe, ſaid Chriſt to *Zacheus*, when

Two ſorts of Death whereto every man living is Subject.

A Living man is ſubject to a double death: The one naturall, the other ſpirituall. Naturall Death doth but ſeparate the body from the ſoule: But ſpirituall Death ſeparates the ſoule from God. Of all other, it is the moſt deſperate ſtate of life to live naturally, and to bee dead ſpiritually: *Thou haſt a name to live, but thou art dead*, ſaid Saint *Iohn* of the Church of *Sardis*. But of the Prodigall childe returned from his evill wayes, it is ſaid, *This my ſonne was dead, but is now alive.*

In *Sardis* there grew an herbe called *Appium Sardis*, that would make a man lye laughing when he was deadly ſicke: Such is the operation of ſinne. Beware therefore

of this *Risus Sardonicus*.

Wee count it a fearefull thing for a man to be author of his owne death, but a ſinfull life ſlayes the ſoule, and ſo while we live, we kill or loſe our better life. The Commandement that ſayes, *Thou ſhalt not kill*, ſpecially forbids the murthering of our owne ſoules.

Certainly that which deprives us of our better life, makes of all other the worſt death.

It is therefore holy wiſedome for a man to let his ſinnes dye before him. *Moriantur ante te vitia*, They actually, thou vertually: that ſo when thou art to dye indeed, thou have nothing elſe to doe, but dye.

Mortem horres amaram, ſubitam, turbulentam: vis placidam, piam, quietam? in tua eſt poteſtate, qualem vis efficere.

If Riches, Honours, Pleaſures, have taken thee, leave them ere they leave thee; and ſay unto them, as *Job* ſaid to his friends,

Miſerable

Miserable comforters are you all.

Turba ejicitur, ut puella excitetur, saith Saint *Marke*. Thy soule lyes as that Damosell in trances of death, while shee is in the chambers of pleasure, and is not raised to life; *Antequàm turba curarum & delitiarum mundanarum ejicitur.*

There is nothing wherein wisdome is more seene than in the temperate use of pleasures and prosperitie (which are but false notes of truth) nor is there a truer argument of folly than vainnesse and excesse.

Oculi stultorum semper in finibus terræ, but traile not after them.

Sufficit diei dolor sui: A dayes sickneſſe will make us sensible of lifes griefe; yet if life doe delight thee (because Ironies doe deny strongest in affirming) *utere & fruere*. But take my counsell, keepe life in exercise of some calling. For you shall finde that exercise is no more wholesome for the bodie

than the ſoule; wherefore to ſee well borne men to deſpiſe honeſt callings, as now adayes they doe, is a pride without wit. And though pride and idleneſſe have at this day baniſhed thrifty diligence out of great mens houſes, yet wee ſee gallant *Abſalom* was a great Sheep-maſter; *Uzziah* the potent King of Judah had not beene ſo great a King, had he not beene ſo great a husband: Good examples to teach us, That the fortunes of great men, and the bravery of Courtiers, muſt be built upon the grounds of Frugalitie: Frugality and Humilitie are thriving vertues: Were a calling but to keepe a man from Idleneſſe, it were a goodneſſe: for the induſtrious man is ſeldome at leaſure to ſinne; whereas the idle man hath neither leiſure nor power to avoid ſinne. Induſtry in any calling makes a man capable of better imployment, whereas Idles are fit for nothing but temptations.

Time

Time ſpent in hollow viſits, *id eſt*, Courtings, Fantaſticke dreſſings, Lawleſſe diſports, all turne to loſſe.

But however thou entertaineſt life, uſe it as a traveller doth his Inne, for a night, and away: *Heri appuliſti, Cras decedes*: And in thy Journey follow not the common tracke, *Nam ad Deum faciens iter per trita ſi iter, longius abitur*: But doe as a doubtfull Pilgrime, aske queſtions of every one you meet, to ſet you on your way, leſt, as Saint *Paul* ſaith, *A promiſe being made us of entring into reſt, we come ſhort of it.* Herein be as great a queſtioniſt, as were thoſe religious Ladies of Rome, who never let Saint *Hierome* reſt for queſtions, which was the readieſt way to heaven. Some mens Queſtions are inſtructions, and are meant to teach rather than to learne. Yet in any caſe bee none of thoſe Queriſts, who muſt have a reaſon for every thing in Religion, who thinke to

come to God by cunning, and by reaſon, not by Faith. As if none but good wits could ever come to God. But this is true, Humane reaſon well improved makes us the more capable of Divine. Therefore it is an ignorant conceit, that skill ſhould make men *Atheous*, when wee finde it in the Goſpell, that no men were ſo apt to ſee the Starre of Chriſt, as thoſe wiſe men the Diſciples of Philoſophy.

Be dying daily, and you ſhall ſoone come to God. If a man would compare the forenoone of his age with the afternoone, and obſerve how long the one is, and how ſhort the other is, every man would be dying daily, and loth to loſe a day.

Palmares poſuiſti dies meos, the longeſt liver hath but a handfull of dayes, and life it ſelfe like a circle, alwayes begins where it ends.

Erat, quandò non erat; ſed erit.

Time

Time was, when man was not: but how late a beginning soever man had, yet after death he shall be sure never to see end.

With the Ancient of dayes, there are no dayes: And the time shall bee, when time shall bee no more. *Supra est quod superest.*

Two common errours.

THere are two common errours which deceive most men:

First, that a man enters not into eternall life till he dyes: whereas his calling here begins his life eternall.

This day is salvation come unto thy house, said Christ to *Zacheus*, when hee called him from the Tree.

Faith prevents time, and makes things future, present.

A pious man so lives here, as if

his converſation were in heaven, carrying himſelfe not onely honeſtly, civilly, and humanely; but beyond naturall comportment: his preſent life ſeemes ſuperhumane, divine, and ſpirituall: and ſo by leading a life heavenly, begins heaven here. *Bleſſed is he*, ſaith Saint *Paul*, *that hath his part in the firſt Reſurrection, for the ſecond death ſhall have no power over him.*

The ſecond errour is, however a man lives, yet if at laſt he ſeeme to dye well, then all is well, and his ſoule is ſure to be ſaved: this is a bold and a dangerous conceit; for though Miſery bee the object of Mercie, and Hope the miſerable mans god; yet humane life as it hath not a greater friend, ſo many times not a greater foe than Hope. *Dilatio boni habet rationem mali*; ſuſpended hope is but a ſad comfort.

Yet many would dye, did not hope ſuſtaine them: but more have dyed flattered with vaine hope.

Not

Not every one that ſaith, Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the Kingdome of heaven. Enter into the firſt degree of life eternall here, or thou muſt dye eternally, with *Lord have mercy upon us* in thy mouth.

Wherefore I deſire to have my part here in the firſt Reſurrection, which is from ſinne to Grace: that ſo I may enjoy the ſecond Reſurrection, which is from duſt to Glory.

Thou haſt brought mee, ſaith *David, out of the duſt of Death.*

To dye by little and little, the third ſtep.

THe third ſtep to dying well, is to dye by little and little. Naturally we are every day dying by degrees: the faculties of our mindes, the ſtrength of our bodies, our common ſenſes are every day decaying, *paulatim*, by little

and little: every ſinne is more than a diſeaſe, and a wicked life makes a continuall death. *Impiè vivere eſt diu mori*; Therefore ſaith the good man, *Toto die mortificamur.*

He that uſeth this courſe every day to dye by little and little, to him let Death come when it will, it can neither be terrible nor ſudden.

If we keepe a Courſer to runne a Race, wee leade him daily over the place to acquaint him by degrees with all things in the way, that when hee comes upon his ſpeed, hee doe not ſtart or turne aſide for any thing he ſees. So let us inure our ſoules, and then *wee ſhall runne with boldneſſe the race that is ſet before us.*

To dye by little and little, is firſt to mortifie our leſſer ſinnes, and not to ſay with *Lot*, *I'ſt not a little one?*

We may not waſh our hands of crying, and from bloudy ſins, and hug

hug in our boſomes beloved, and Herodian ſinnes, ſinnes of higher tincture: *Hoc eſt tolerare non tollere peccata.* Saint *Auguſtine* ſayes finely, *Delicta dilecta ſunt relinquenda:* Men commonly diſcard thoſe ſins they can beſt ſpare, but retaine thoſe they love beſt, and by changing them into better Termes, would turne them from being ſins, as Pride, that diſcontented ſinne, muſt bee counted State; Vanitie, Civilitie; Diſſimulation, Courtſhip; Anger, Courage; Wantoniſing, a tricke of youth; Swearing, *Genus quoddam ſermonis, non peccati*; but take heed, ſpecially of theſe ſinnes, that make a vertue a ſinne, and ſinne to ſeeme a vertue.

Multa enim vitia ſe virtutes eſſe mentiuntur. A man, ſaith *Plato*, may doe ill, but to diſguiſe it, or defend it, is to out-face truth. Sinnes property is to worke upon ſome vice, but to be proud in that you are not proud, is a Phœnix pride. So to be drunke for com-

panv

pany is a ſinne worſe than ſinne, for other ſinnes move ſhame, but hide it; this diſplayes it. Therefore forced healths at great feaſts is a barbarous faſhion: At *Aſſuerus* feaſt every mans rule was his owne choyce, and the civilitie of very Pagans commanded libertie of their cups.

It is hard to commit a ſingle ſinne, yet of ſinners, if either partie be wiſe, both may eſcape.

They cannot want retentives from ſin, that live either amongſt friends or enemies, for friends may not be grieved, enemies may not be provoked.

Be wiſe therefore in good-fellowſhip, no man is ſo wicked as to be addicted to all kind of vices, for betwixt ſome vices there is an Antipathy, nor is any man ſo lewd as not to bee ſometimes in good moods, and diſlike ſome ſinnes: the world were not to live in, if all ſinnes were affected by all men: But certainly great ſinnes will never

ver be conquered, if little ſinnes be cheriſhed : formall penitents will eaſily part with ſo much of their ſinne as may abate nothing of their profit.

There bee alſo a ſort of little deaths, as ſickneſſe of bodie, loſſe of friends, and the like. Uſe theſe in their kinde, and you may make them kindly helpes to dying well.

Modeſt beginnings have hopefull proceedings, and happie endings ; proceed therefore by degrees: the Prophet *David* went, *ſuſpenſo gradu*, ſtep by ſtep, and ſo *compaſſed Gods Altar*, God himſelfe made nothing abſolute at firſt. This great God loves to have degrees kept.

Degreeingly to grow to greatneſſe is the courſe of the world. Wherfore they ſay in Court, He is out of the danger of folly, whom a ſpeedie advancement leaves wiſe.

Omnis mutatio eſt quædam mortis imitatio. Let a man goe out as hee came

came into the world, which was, first by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Sense*, afterwards of *Reason*.

David prescribes us this order, when he sayes, *Doce me & duce me, Domine.* He will not runne, till he be taught to goe.

Teach me to doe thy will, and leade me, O Lord, into the Land.

What land is that? There is *terra quam terimus*; land on earth which by labour yeelds us all pleasure: that's not it.

There is *terra quam gerimus*, refined earth, beautified bodies which wee beare about us, nor is this it.

There is *terra quam quærimus*; the glorious Land of Promise, that's the Land we seeke. Into this Land, *Duce me, Domine.*

For

For the manner of dying.

AMongſt men it is a matter of chiefe marke, the manner of a mans death: *Summum hominis bonum, bonus ex hac vita exitus.*

Before you dye ſet your houſe in order: He that hath not a houſe yet hath a ſoule: no ſoule can want affaires to ſet in order, for this finall diſſolution.

The chiefe grace of the Theater is the laſt Scene. It is the Evening that crownes the day, and wee thinke it no good ſigne of a faire morrow, when the Sunne ſets in a cloud: *Finis coronat opus.* Yet I perſwade my ſelfe, that night cannot but be happie, whoſe day hath beene holy.

David in a deepe contemplation upon the manner of mans dying, ingeminates the word, ſaying, *Domine, Domine, exitus Mortis,*

The

The issues of death belong to thee.

Live religiously, and thou shalt dye comfortably.

All men, as men, dye naturally; as Christians should dye religiously. The good man can equally live, or dye; for he knowes if hee live, God will protect him; if he dye, God will receive him.

Bee faithfull unto death, and I will give thee a Crowne of life, saith *Christ.*

Most men wish a short Death, because Death is alwayes accompanyed with paine, *Morimur gementes*; To lye but an houre under Death is tedious, but to be dying a whole day wee thinke beyond the strength of humane patience. Happie hee that after due preparation, dyes ere he be aware; So is he happie that by long sickness sees death afarre off; for the one dyes like *Elias*, the other like *Elisha*, both blessedly.

The

The beſt poſture to bee found in when Death comes, is in the exerciſe of our calling, *Preſſe*, ſaith Saint *Paul*, *towards the marke, for the prize of the high calling.*

When thou art heavie unto Death, then ſhew a lively Faith; for at that time a ſtupid patience is worſe than paſſion.

When thou art ſpeechleſſe, uſe that *Silentium loquens*, Teares from thy heart. *Tacuit Petrus, ſed flevit*, and it was counted to him for eloquence; *Nam affectum prodidit:* A teare is but a condenſed pearle, a pearle but a diſſolved teare: At this time turne words into teares, and they will turne pearles. Hee that made the mouth is not taken with words.

A broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou wilt not deſpiſe.

When thou art dying, lye ſorrowing for thy ſinnes, yet not deſpairing;

ſpairing; for there is joy in griefe, where the ſorrow is for ſinnes. *I am the man*, ſaith *Jeremie*, *that have ſeene ſorrowes*: But this *Dolor peccati* makes *gaudium doloris*. *There is more joy in heaven for one ſinner that repenteth, than, &c.*

Before thou dyeſt vow thy ſoule to God, *Nam qui jubet ut voveas, juvat ut reddas.* Offer ſacrifice upon the Altar of thy heart: If thou haſt not a Lambe, that is, meekneſſe; or a Bullocke, that is, bountifulneſſe; yet a Pygeon, that is, well-wiſhing; or a paire of Turtles, that is, *Gemitus*; a ſound of ſorrow that thou haſt no better. As God loves not emptie hands, ſo he meaſures fulneſſe by the affection.

Thoſe that have moſt ſtudied men and ſtories, doe obſerve that the greateſt men, and beſt wits, when once they come to finde their owne mortalitie, doe then with ſtrongeſt reſolution quit the world, apply wholly to devotion, and

and ſo end their dayes with moſt quietude in peace.

A good man, by his good will, would dye praying, and doe as the Pilgrim doth, goe on in his way ſinging, and ſo addes the paine of ſinging, to that of going; Yet by this ſurplus of paine, unwearies himſelfe of paine.

But ſome wretches thinke God rather curious, than they faultie, if a few ſighes, with a [Lord have mercy upon us] be not enough at the laſt gaſpe.

Weakneſſe muſt not argue, but yeeld; God hath ſaid it, and they ſhall finde it.

Not every one that ſaith, Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the kingdome of heaven, but hee that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

Commonly good men are beſt at laſt, even when they are dying; for they ſeldome dye of a ſinne-ſickneſſe.

The ſickneſſe of the ſoule hath this advantage of the bodies ſick-

neſſe:

neſſe. It never languiſhes under the Phyſitians hand: when it ſeemes at worſt, then it is beſt: no ſooner ſaith *David*, I am ſicke; but *Nathan* tels him, Thou art well; no ſooner ſayes, *I have ſinned*, and muſt dye, but the Prophet tels him, *The Lord hath put away thy ſinne, thou ſhalt not dye.* Thus doth repentance make pardon coetaneous with the fault.

But it is juſt with God, that they who live without repentance, ſhould dye without comfort. Woe is him whoſe bed is made in hell.

There is no ſpectacle in the world ſo profitable, or more terrible, than to behold a dying man, to ſtand by, and ſee a man diſmanned. Curiouſly didſt thou make man *in the loweſt part of the earth*, ſaith *David*: but to ſee thoſe elements, which compounded, made the body, to ſee them divided, and the man diſſolved, is a rufull ſight. So dependent is the life of man,

that

that it cannot want one element; fire and ayre, these flye upward; water and earth, these sinke downward; so living man becomes a dead carkasse. *The breath of man goeth out, he turnes againe to earth, and then all his thoughts perish.* And what is man but for his thoughts?

Every dying man carries heaven and earth wrapt up in his bosome, and at this time each part returnes homeward.

Seneca thought a man might chuse his owne death, which was some ease to him. *Quemadmodum navim eligam navigaturus, & domum habitaturus: Ita mortem utique quâ sum exiturus è vitâ.* But better saith another, *Stultè hæc cogitantur: vitam aliis approbare quisquam debet, mortem verò sibi.*

But since it is so great a matter to dye, so necessary to dye well, so dangerous to dye ill, let your life be an acting of death. That life is well adventured, where it is a gain to lose it.

Certainly

Certainly Death hath great dependancie on the course of mans life, and life it selfe is as fraile as the bodie which it animates.

Augustus Cæsar Bonam mortem putabat celerem, & insperatam, quæ nullâ ægritudine pulsârat fores : so often as he heard of a man that had a quicke passage, with little sense of paine, he wished for himselfe that *Euthanasie* : While hee lived hee used to set himselfe betweene his two friends, *Suspiria & Lachrymæ*; when hee dyed hee called for his looking-glasse, commanded to have his haire and beard kembed, *Et Malas labentes corrigi*, his riveled cheekes smoothed up: Then asked his friends if hee had acted his part well, *Cùm ita responderint, vos omnes igitur inquit plaudite.*

Alexander the Great did aske the Indian Philosopher how long a man should live; saith hee, Untill he thinke it better to dye than live: but Saint *Paul* is our best patterne,

terne, who being weary of the world, desiring to bee dissolved, cryed out (*voce tamen desiderantis, non desperantis*) *O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver mee from this body of death!*

There be many that chuse rather to die quickly, than to live long sickely, *Vitam desiderant non longam, sed lætam*, yet better were it for them, *aliquando ægrotare*, than *continuè valere*. For *vitiosa sanitas*, will make them thanke Nature, and forget God.

Some on the other side will invite Death to doe them the kindnesse to take them soone out of the world, counting a short death the happiest passage of a mans life. If life come once to bee a displeasure, then death comes to doe us a pleasure, and for this (saith *Tully*) a man is most beholding to Nature. *Quòd unum introitum ad vitam dedit, exitus verò multos. Sed non sic itur ad astra.* Christians know better wayes, as how to live in grace,

grace, that they may dye in peace. *In pace ad pacem:* and to whom this grace is given, for them glory is reserved.

O saith a good man how safe is the condition of Gods children, whom very paine easeth, death revives, sinne glorifies.

Yet there is not the strongest body, nor holiest Saint on earth, but at point of death is subject to some trepidations and qualmes of feare. For the soule which comes into the body without any sensible pleasure, goes not out of the body without the sense of paine. And it troubles many a good soule to see men of the best lives, to have distempered and perplexed ends; Some raving, some despairing, some dying suddenly, and seldome any have so bitter draughts, as those whom God loves best.

Naturall diſtempers.

IT is fit therefore to take notice of the naturall cauſes. Deſpaire in dying, may as well ariſe from weakneſſe of nature, as from trouble of minde: but by neither of theſe can hee be prejudiced that hath lived well.

Marke the righteous, and behold the perfect, for the end of that man is peace: His body may be ſicke, but his minde is ſound, for *God maketh all his bed in his ſickneſſe*, and in the inſtant of a ſharpe ſeparation his ſoule findes it ſelfe happie, for he knowes, *Si durius ſeponitur, melius reponitur*; though it be put off painfull, yet is it laid up joyfully.

Raving and other ſtrange paſſions, are many times rather the effect of the diſeaſe, than moving from the minde. For upon deaths approaches, choler fuming to the

braine will cauſe diſtempers in the moſt patient ſoule. In theſe caſes the faireſt and trueſt judgement to be made, is, that ſinnes of ſickneſſe, occaſioned by violence of diſeaſe in a patient man, are but ſinnes of infirmitie, and not to be taken as ill ſignes or preſages; *Filius tantarum lacrymarum*, cannot but bee ſaved, ſaid the good Matron, when ſhe ſaw her ſon at worſt: I will not deſpaire in reſpect of that mans impatient dying, whom in the worme of conſcience had not devoured living.

Seldome any enter into glory with eaſe: Yet the Jewes ſay of *Moſes*, his ſoule was ſucked out of his mouth with a kiſſe: ſome have their paſſion in death, that is bitter, becauſe it is inward; ſome before death, that is better, beauſe it is outward.

David in this caſe, the better to make his way, prayed, and cryed, *Lord, ſpare mee a little, O ſpare mee that I may recover ſtrength before*

before I goe hence and bee no more.

Indeed to *Ezechias* ſome yeeres of dayes were lent, but we are not worthy of that favour; we muſt not expect that God will bring backe the ſhadow of degrees, when once it is gone downe in the dyall of *Ahaz*; wee muſt time it as wee may, and bee content to live and dye at uncertainties.

Therefore as a ſicke man hearkens to the clocke, ſo let us watch death. For ſudden comming of death, finding a weake ſoule unprepared, makes it deſperate, and leaves it miſerable.

What death is to be accounted ſudden.

SUdden death of it ſelfe is not therefore evill, becauſe it is ſudden, but becauſe it may take us away ſuddenly, our ſoules unprepared. The good man never dyes unprepared, becauſe his perſeverance in goodneſſe, is a providence againſt ſudden death.

To a man well prepared, ſudden death is but a quicker paſſage, and is not to bee accounted a ſudden death, but a ſudden departure, becauſe it came not unlookt for.

Though the righteous be prevented by Death (ſaith the Booke of Wiſdome) yet ſhall hee be at reſt, becauſe hee hath made his peace before-hand. His departure is no miſery, for his hope is full of eternitie. *Ezechiel* the Prophet (ſo often ſtiled *Sonne of man*) to him

him God ſayes, *I take away from thee the delight of thine eyes*, (which was his wife) *with a ſtroke ſuddenly*, and *yet thou ſhalt not weepe.*

Let not preſent pleaſures of life allure, nor cares thereof poſſeſſe thee, then cannot ſudden death ſurpriſe thee.

Improviſa nulli Mors, cui provida Vita; But if a man doe not prepare to dye, hee may live ſeven yeares in a conſumption, and yet dye a ſudden death. For any time is ſudden to him that is unprepared.

They take their marke amiſſe who judge a man by his outward behaviour in his death. If you know the goodneſſe of a mans life, miſ-judge him not by any ſtrangeneſſe of his death.

Though other men can beſt judge of our actions, yet a mans heart can beſt judge of himſelfe. When a man comes to be judged; his life, and not the manner of his death, ſhal give the evidence with,

or againſt him. Many that live wickedly, would ſeeme to dye holily; more for feare to be damned in the opinion of people, than for any love to goodneſſe. To theſe men there is *Malum triplex, quod mimet in ſeptima.* Which is *Horror in exitu, Dolor in tranſitu, Pudor in conſpectu Dei.* If my life pleaſe God, I am ſure my death ſhall pleaſure mee: Chriſt never leaves any of his at parting. *Eliſha* would not leave *Elijah*, though hee put him off twice, becauſe hee knew there was a bleſſing to come when they parted. It is a great happineſſe to dye in eaſe. That mans end is eaſie, whom Death findes with a weake body and a ſtrong ſoule. *Quis tàm facilè, quando vult, dormit*, as he that layes downe his life in peace? The ayre is commonly calmeſt at noone.

Ariſtotle gives the reaſon; *Quia tunc vincit aut vincitur*: So is it with the ſoule of man at the point of death.

Yet

Yet a good man doth not alwayes dye in exercise of his goodnesse, but as a wise man when hee sleepes, leeseth not his knowledge, no more doth a good man his graces, though hee dye in distemper; for habitudes of goodnesse doe not then leave him, though they cannot then doe their office for him.

But the vulgar opinion, if a man die quietly, and goe away like a lambe (which in consumptions and dull diseases, most men doe) then sure he goes to heaven; but if he bee distempered, and of frantick behaviour (which happens to many through extreme inflamations) then surely hee goes to hell; This is a judgement from Nature, and not of Religion, and in this case trust not naturall judgement, for it is arted with subtilties of Physicke: man works by likely meanes, God many times by contraries.

He that can shut his eyes every

night with a quiet conſcience, ſhal meet with leaſt diſturbances when death ſhall cloſe his eyes at laſt; nor will he care who ſhuts up his earthen eyes, when Death it ſelfe opens his ſoules eyes. Then ſhall we ſee more with theſe ſhut eyes, than ever we could doe open eyed: Saint *Paul* was therefore ſtricken blind, that the eyes of his ſpirit might be opened.

Serenitie, joy, and peace in a dying man, is an hopefull behaviour: Yet we ſee the cleere Starres that are ſo delightfull to behold, bring forth their Rayes by ſparkelings, and dartings, as though they were delivered of their light by travell and hard aſſayes: So good men in their death have great variety of accidents, many languors, many agonies, many iterated endevours, travelling of Death, as in a Child-birth, ſorrowes, torments, paines, being then Deaths Agents; But if the paſſages of the ſoule lye open to God without inter-

interpoſition of worldly cares, then it peaceably makes egreſſe with a ſweetneſſe, and that without diſturbance.

Naturall cauſes will have their operations; but it is the God of Nature that commands them, it is his propertie ſometimes to worke ſupernaturally by nature. diſpute not with God; give Nature leave to cavill, and we cannot be good Chriſtians.

But truſt to this, Beleeve aright, and live as you beleeve, and you cannot but dye in ſafety. If you would end life quietly, render it up willingly.

Let no contentments of the world, ſo fix you to the world, as to deſire longer life; Prolongation is no pleaſure, but ſo long as it goes well with us, *Sæpè in hoc eſſe, Benè, non diù.* Shortneſſe of life is no unhappineſſe, *Citiùs mori vel tardiùs, ad rem non ſpectat; benè mori aut malè, ad rem ſpectat.*

The Book of Wiſdome ſaith, *He*

was ſoone taken away, leſt it ſhould alter his underſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoule.

In principio mundi, cùm homines, viverent in majori ſimplicitate, Deus dedit eis longam vitam; poſtquam creſcebat hominis malitia & temporis abuſus, tunc abbreviavit Deus eorum dies.

Had preſent Death beene evill, or long life good, *Cain* had beene ſlaine, and *Abel* had ſurvived; but Death commonly beginnes firſt, where God loves beſt: *His ſoule*, ſaith the ſonne of *Syrach*, *pleaſed God; therefore haſted hee to take him away.*

Seldome is excellencie in any kinde long lived; wee ſee the beſt men live not longeſt: and indeed it were injurious to wiſh that goodneſſe ſhould hinder any one from happineſſe.

The beſt cannot be happie, but by diſſolution, their dying being but a change, going from evill to good: hopes putting in them ſuch

ſuch a new life, as they care not to change the old.

The lives of all creatures elſe are loſt to us, ours but changed to God.

If the wicked man live long, it is but to aggravate his judgement; if hee dye ſoone, it is but to haſten it.

One man ſeemes to dye caſually, another violently, both by deſtiny, all men by decree.

Et quem dederat curſum natura, peregi, ſaid the Poet; but the Divine tels us, that *vitæ præſentis finem talem eſſe decet, qualis futuræ eſt principium*: Nor is the place materiall where wee dye, ſo we dye well.

Moſes dyed upon one hill, *Aaron* upon another hill, but both where they might ſee the Land of Promiſe; *Felix conſpectus*.

Bee as readie to dye as *Moſes* was, when there was no more betweene God and him, but, *Moſes, goe up and dye*. With ſuch a ſociable

ſociable compellation are good men invited unto death, as to a feaſt.

Nec mihi Mors gravis eſt
poſituro morte labores.
——Mors mihi merces erit.

All motions tend to reſt.

Returne then to thy reſt, O my ſoule, for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

Aſſurance of life after death.

FOr reall aſſurance both to our bodies and our ſoules, there are three bodily Inhabitants alreadie gone to heaven.

Enoch before the Law, *Eliah* under the Law, Chriſt under the Goſpell; yet for further aſſurance, *Ipſe dixit*, Chriſt himſelfe hath ſaid it, *Becauſe I live, yee ſhall live alſo.*

alſo. I am the Reſurrection and the Life. Qui credit in me, etiamſi mortuus fuerit, vivet. Although my fleſh be eaten with wormes, theſe wormes turned to duſt, blowne thorow the earth, yet after thou haſt turned all to deſtruction, againe thou ſayeſt, *Come againe yee children of men.*

Hither ſhalt thou come, ſaid *Job*, but no further: here ſhall thy proud waves be ſtayed: *Mors uſque ad corpus ſolum pertinget, ultra non progreditur*: It ſtands not with Divinitie, nor is it conſonant to Reaſon, that man, for whom all things ſpring, ſhould not have his ſpring and riſe againe. I know whom I have truſted, ſaith Saint *Paul*, and I am aſſured he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him againſt that day. *And they ſhall be mine*, ſaith God by the Prophet *Malachie, in that day when I make up my Jewels.*

Reſurgam, ſaid good Biſhop *King*; *It is now time to awake, for now*

now is our ſalvation neerer than when we beleeved: nor will I feare how this body of mine ſhal appeare another day. For I am promiſed by him that will performe, it ſhall not be found naked, but this covering of the fleſh bing caſt off, it ſhall be clothed with glory, as with another garment. The children of the Reſurrection die no more, for they are equall to the Angels.

The word of aſſurance is, *Redemptor meus*, *My Father and your father*, ſaith the Goſpell: there is great divinity in theſe pronounes, *Meum & tuum*, they are words of aſſurance to mens ſoules, though in mens ſtates they are the ground of all Controverſies. *I know that my Redeemer lives*, but I doe not therefore know this, becauſe I will know it; For the will cannot invade the underſtanding. How then doe I know it? not by opinion, but by faith; *Fides non creditur, ſed cernitur*, things are not ſo, becauſe wee are perſwaded they

they are ſo; but becauſe they bee ſo, therefore we are ſo perſwaded. The woman with childe knowes ſhee is ſo, when ſhee feeles it ſtirre lively: So the Spirit of God aſſures our ſpirit, when wee lively feele his Spirit in us.

Holy *Job* ſaith, *Though after the skinne wormes deſtroy the body, yet in my fleſh I ſhall ſee God for my ſelfe, and mine owne eyes ſhall behold him, and not anothers.*

Which numerall Identity gives certaintie, that this ſoule of mine imperſonated anew, and ſo inanimating my body againe, ſhall give anew being, and a better being unto both.

That ſoule, the loſt pearle, which to finde, a man would have given all hee had, ſhall there bee found ingraven in a body of gold, whereas here it was poorely ſet in clay.

It doth not yet appeare what we ſhall be, but we know that when Chriſt ſhall appeare, wee ſhall be like

like him, for we ſhall ſee him as he is, ſaith Saint *Iohn*. *Come then yee bleſſed of my Father, inherit the kingdome prepared for you; and feare not, little flocke, for it is your Fathers pleaſure to give you the kingdome.*

A man, ſaith *Chryſoſtome*, would dwell in this Contemplation, and be loth to come out of it. Nay, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, *A man might Age himſelfe in it, and ſooner grow old, than weary.*

The

The fourth generall Diviſion.

IIII.

What our laſt thoughts ſhould be.

Vltimum optimum: Dying words are weighrieſt, and make deepeſt impreſſions: yet our laſt thoughts are readieſt to ſpend themſelves upon ſomewhat that wee loved beſt while we lived. *Jezabel* at laſt was more taken up with ſeeming faire, than being happie.

Et tunc quoque verſus ad illam, becauſe

becauſe ſhee loved her face more than her ſoule.

The ſoule it ſelfe, when it is entring into glory, breathes divine things: At this time a good mans tongue is in his breaſt, not in his mouth, his words are then ſo pithy and ſo pectorall.

Anatomiſts doe ſay, there are ſtrings in a mans tongue, which goe to his heart; when theſe breake, man ſpeakes his heart: *Vtinam ſaperent & intelligerent, & noviſſima providerent*, ſaid *Moſes*, when he was dying: Chriſts laſt words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickely*. Our anſwer is, Amen. Even ſo come Lord Jeſus, &c.

As in greateſt extremities good Phyſicians leave drugges, and miniſter onely Cordials: ſo deale by thy ſoule when death approaches; Lay thee downe and ſleepe in peace, caſt away all worldly cares, entertaine onely thoughts that will animate thy weake

weake bodie, and refreſh thy thirſtie ſoule, as did that *dew of Hermon* falling upon the *Hill of Sion.*

Man, ſaith *Jeremie*, puts his mouth at laſt to the duſt, if ſo bee there may be hope. But rely not longer on the Phyſician: Earthly meanes were for uſe, they are not for confidence. God cannot bee God, if Nature limit him.

All the while I lived, ſaid a good man, I was going on my journey, *In via*, but not *in patria*; but now that I am dying, I finde my ſelfe neere home, I am come to mount *Sion*; I will not therefore ſit downe on this ſide Jordan, but haſten to the heavenly Jeruſalem; whither when I come, I ſhall there ſee my God face to face, heare my Saviour ſay, *Euge bone ſerve, It is my Fathers will to give thee a Kingdome.*

Is it not enough that my Saviour is gone up to prepare a place for mee, but will hee give mee

mee a Kingdome, and ſhall not I be glad when God ſhall come and fetch me, to enthrone me in this Kingdome? *Abſit*: If Chriſt bee gone up to prepare a place for me, Lord let mee be prepared for that place. Now me thinks I heare my ſoule ſay, *Cur non accedis, Domine? Quid moraris?*

I have too long dwelt in this Sepulchre of earth, *Væ mihi, quia prolongatus eſt incolatus meus in terra*, woe is mee that I ſtill remaine in Meſech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar: It is enough Lord, as *Elias* ſaid in the wilderneſſe; Take now away my life, for I am no better than my fathers were. My ſoule thirſteth for thee: when ſhal I come and appeare before thee? Nay, my ſoule is now growne ſo high minded, that ſhee ſaith, *Major ſum, & ad majora genitus, quàm ut mancipium ſim hujus corporis*: Man is not quiet till he be more than man: let his condition here civilly bee what it will, it will

will not content him. Bare Philoſophie made ſuch impreſſion in *Socrates*, That *in carcere damnatus egit cum diſcipulis de corpore, tanquam de alio ergaſtulo*, counting the bodie to bee a worſe priſon to the ſoule, than that priſon was to him.

Plato when he ſaw one over-indulgent to his bodie by high feeding it, asked what hee meant to make his priſon ſo ſtrong? When you pamper the fleſh, you doe but victuall the enemie.

The body at beſt is but the living Coffin of the ſoule, as the grave is the dead Coffin of the bodie.

Thus doth Divine Contemplation make us high in thoughts, rich in expectation; Therefore it is but dutie in man to know the dignitie of his Soule, which is ſo heavenly ambitious, as it will not let heaven alone, till it may ſee, as it is ſeene.

Grævata eſt anima mea, my bodie

die is a burthen to my ſoule, It hath had honour enough to have beene ſo long companion with it; wherefore now, as Saint *Hierome* ſaith, *Egredere anima, egredere.*

What doſt thou longer here on earth, O thou my heaven-borne Soule?

The Hermit ſitting on his turfe, ſaid to his ſoule, *Sexaginta annos ſervivisti Deo, & nunc mori times?* Goe out of this Arke of fleſh, O my ſoule, for I now ſmell the ſavour of reſt. *Celeritas nunc in deſiderio mora eſt.* As Chriſt ſaid to his Diſciples, *Surgite, eamus hinc:* So ſay to thy ſoule; *Surge anima de mundo, eamus in cœlum.*

Though my ſoule, as a Bird, for neceſſitie ſake hath beene faine to ſtay a while here upon earth, yet willingly would it be ſoaring in the skie; But I finde that *Iſta vita eſt mihi impedimento ad id, propter quod vivitur:* Specially when I heare my Saviour ſay, *Father, I will that thoſe whom thou*

haſt

haſt given mee, bee with mee where I am, that they may behold my Glory. *Sybilla* before Chriſt, and *Plato* ſince Chriſt doe both agree, that the union of mans ſoule with God, is that true felicitie which all Philoſophy aymes at. Therefore, *Deſiderio deſideravi ergaſtuli hujus egreſſum*, that I may ſee, *facie ad faciem*, him whom my ſoule loveth, and be, Lord, where thou enjoyeſt thy ſelfe, and glorified ſpirits enjoy thee.

Oſtende mihi Patrem, & ſufficit. Sutely ſaith Saint *Auguſtine* in his meditations, *Domine, creaſti nos ob te, nuſquam erit cor quietum donec pervenerit ad te.* *Bleſſed are the dead which dye in the Lord*, ſaith Saint *Iohn*; *yea, ſaith the Spirit, they reſt from their labours, and their workes follow them.* O thou Source of the Springs of Lebanus, my ſoule now thirſteth to be with thee; *Deſiderio deſideravi.*

Entertaine thy laſt houres with ſuch like thoughts, *Et hæ tibi dabunt*

bunt ad eternitatem iter, & in itinere ſublevabunt. They will Angelize thy body, and Emparadiſe thy ſoule, before thou commeſt into Heaven; yeeld a ſweetneſſe beyond the bitterneſſe of Death.

Certainly, a good Soule thus imploying it ſelfe, *in iſtâ horâ*, will not leave the felicitie it ſhall have in ſuch an aſſured tranſmigration from death to life, for all the joyes that life paſt did ever render it.

Good Saint *Auguſtine* in an high ſpeculation, endevouring to expreſſe this heavenly joy, was asked by a grave old man, Father *Auguſtine*, *Quid agis?* A man may as well draw in all the ayre in the world with a breath, as expreſſe to the life what thou art now about; not that there is want of words, but want in words to expreſſe it.

As griefes concealed, ſo joyes expreſſed grow greater; wherefore, though this ineffable joy cannot bee expreſt, *Quantus, vel*

qualis

qualis ſit, yet is it *Res generoſa conari alta, & mente majora concipere, quàm quæ effici poſſunt.*

Therefore this wee may doe, ſome way ſample that, which no way we can expreſſe: *In arduis voluiſſe ſat eſt*, in ſome things good purpoſes ſupply actions.

Like as a Bird that hath beene long encaged, then chants it moſt merrily, when ſhe gets looſe into the open ayre.

Nititur in ſylvas quæque redire ſuas:

Or as a ſicke man, that hath wearily toſſed and turned himſelfe in his bed all the dull night long, is then comforted at the approach of the day breake, when the Sunne-beames gilde the morning:

Or as a priſoner that feeles his chaines heavie upon him longs for releaſement.

Liberaque à ferris crura futura velit:

So will it bee with thy Soule, when thou ſhalt heare thy Saviour ſay, *I am thy ſalvation: Come unto mee thou that art weary and heavie laden, and I will refreſh thee.*

Pœnitentibus & petentibus pertinet Regnum Cœlorum: To them that are weary of this durance, and ſue for deliverance, belongeth the kingdome of heaven.

Wherefore as a wearied traveller that hath paſſed a long journey, though perhaps met with ſome delights by the way, is then gladdeſt when hee comes within kenning of his Countrey;

Natale ſolum dulcedine cunctos ducit.

Even ſo thy ſoule after many yeeres pilgrimage in the wilderneſſe of this wretched world, be-

ing

ing come with *Moſes* to Mount Nebo, and beholding the pleaſant land of Canaan from the top of Piſgah, will then laugh for joy, as doth the Horizon to ſee the Sunne comming *as a Bridegroome out of his chamber.*

Dilectus meus deſcendit ad hortum ſuum, ad areolam aromatum.

Of this joy thy dazeled eyes might have ſome glimps, while thou waſt in health; but then it was, as the blinde mans viſion in the Goſpell, to whoſe firſt ſight men ſeemed to walke like trees; but in this thy new ſtate thou ſhalt ſee clearely men and Angels ſtand before the Lambes throne, and heare thy ſelfe invited to the Lambes Supper, where *thou ſhalt bee brought into the Wine-cellar, and Love will ſpread the banner over thee.* It is the beſt eloquence to ſpeake to God in the ſame language hee ſpeakes to us.

Come then, O Shunamite, ſtay me with Flaggons, and comfort mee with Apples, for I am ſicke of love: Kiſſe me with the kiſſes of thy mouth, for thy love is better than wine; Shew me, O thou whom my ſoule loveth, where thou feedeſt, where thou lyeſt at noone.

Thus with *Salomon* in a Canticle, and with *David* in a Pſalme, let be the raptures of thy Soule, which as in a trance, ſhal be caught up to heaven, as was *Philip* by the Spirit, or *Ezechiel* by the Angell.

And with an Heroicall alacritie tempered with a gracious humilitie, give up thy ſoule to God, and bid farewell to the world.

Sing with *Deborah*, *O my ſoule, thou haſt marched valiantly*; and ſay with *David*, *Returne now my ſoule unto thy reſt, for the Lord hath rewarded thee.*

Dying Saint *Steven* before his eyes were cloſed, had a glorious ſight of his Saviour, *Videbat Deum per eſſentiam, looked ſtedfaſtly into heaven, and ſaw the glory of God, and*

Jeſus

Jesus standing at the right hand of God. Old *Simeon* after hee had seene his Saviour, rejoyced then to say, *Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seene thy salvation.*

Hoc videam, & moriar: Morior, ut videam.

THE RAPTURE OF THE SOVLE.

RApitur Anima, cùm cœlestia contemplatur, & contemplando jucundatur.

This is a kinde of Arreption to heaven; when a man abstracts himselfe from earth, and by Contemplation growes into acquaintance with God, for then hee seemes

seemes to converse with God, and become *divinæ particeps naturæ*, then he sends forth strong emanations of Divine love. Those *affectiones extaticæ* are the signals, *Amoris liquidi: liquescit anima cùm devotione calescit.* Such love suffers not mee to be a lover of my selfe. *Et quid istos nisi* Seraphins *dixerim, quorum cor conversum est in ignem divini amoris?* Let him kisse me with the kisses of his mouth; so begins that *Canticum canticorum: & jucundum quidem eloquium, quod ab osculo sumit principium.* This *fruitivus Amor* by Divine Rapture unites mee to God; for in Rapture a man seemes to walke with God, as *Enoch* did; talke with God, as *Moses* did; see God, as *Stephen* did.

And because sight increases delight; Therefore Rapture would faine ascend to vision, *Videre illa, non quæ videntur, sed quæ non videntur.*

But that's a privilege for Saint *Paul*; *Vidi Dominum*, ſaith *Iacob*, *facie ad faciem, & ſalva facta eſt anima mea.* Holy *Hierom* ſweares it: *Teſtor Deum, poſt hebdomadarum jejunia viſus ſum mihi verſari inter agmina Angelorum*, to have private converſation with quiers of Angels; *Raptus eſt ſupremus gradus contemplationis*, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, which raiſes in man towring thoughts; irradiates his ſoule with high apprehenſions; and ſo elevates him to God, as it takes him out of himſelfe, to live above himſelfe. *Neſcio in quam dulcedinem duces me, Domine*, ſaid hee in his Rapture.

The Soule being thus powerfully attracted by the inducements of ſo faire and Divine delights, Shee on her part correſponds, and with a willing aſſent glides after theſe attracts, and as a vapour exhal'd by the Sunne,

Sunne, ſhee goes out of her ſelfe, and would willingly draw the bodie with her, but that ſubſtance is too ſad; wherefore ſhee quits it as not agill, nor ſprightfull enough to ſoare ſo high; *O that my ſoule had wings as a Dove, that I might flye, and bee at reſt,* ſaith *David.*

It is an admirable thing to conſider that the eie of a man ſo weak, ſo tender a peece, ſhould looke upevery day to heaven, ſo wonderfull in height, and yet never bee tyred by the way: by this I ſee that heavenly Contemplation, (which is the beſt Opticke) if it bee ſtrong enough, and not overclog'd with earthy thoughts, is able to carry us with eaſe to heavenly extaſie.

The will takes pleaſure to perceive the underſtanding (which is the Soules King) taken into Rapture; and when the faculties

both of will and underſtanding doe intercommunicate their raviſhments, then are wee ſweetly brought into divine extaſie.

Of this ſacred extaſie the Seraphicall Divines makes three ſorts; one of underſtanding, a ſecond of affection, a third of action.

Action is added, becauſe a man is not to be above himſelfe in contemplation, and under himſelfe in converſation. The firſt of the three is, in *ſplendore*; the ſecond, *in fervore*; the third, *in labore*; the one cauſed by admiration; the other by devotion, the laſt by operation.

In theſe raptures, the Fathers, who were ſtiled Saints, had ſuch a complacencie, as they ſtrove to act this as the way of a new life, ſometimes before their death, inſomuch as the votaries would ſay, *Never was a Saint*, but had extaſies,

ſies; and raviſhment of life before his death; they laboured by a liquefaction of their ſoules into God, to inſoule themſelves in God, to put themſelves out of the naturall comportment of the bodie, and ſo to live in Divine extaſie without living in the body.

This made Saint *Paul* to ſay, *I knew a man in Chriſt fourteene yeares agoe, whether in the body, or out of the bodie, I cannot tell.*

Some ſo lived, as it were doubted whether they were living men dead, or dead men living. Nay, ſome with fervencie of ſpirit were tranſported into ſuch extaſie, that their ſoules being wholly converſant in Divine contemplation, they cared not to afford common aſſiſtance to nature, and ſo have dyed through exinanition and want of ſtrength, conceiving there was no uſe of any creature to them, that enjoyed the Creator.

Thus

Thus did Love performe the office of Death; *Love is as ſtrong as Death*, ſaith *Salomon*; nay, with them it wrought more than death could doe: for death onely performeth by effect, that which love operateth by affection; death did but ſeparate their bodies from their ſoules; but love ſeparated their ſoules from their bodies living.

In ſuch a trance they report Saint *Baſil* to ſay, *That* Jacob, *when he had faſt hold on God, let him goe for a bleſſing*: but the *Shunamite*, *My ſoule will not let thee goe ſo*; For ſhee now ſeekes no more Benedictions of God, but to enjoy the God of Benedictions.

Saint *Hierome* to ſay; *O my Saviour, diddeſt thou die of love for mee? A love more dolorous than death, but to me a death more lovely than love it ſelfe! I cannot live, love thee, and be longer from thee.*

When

When *Severinus* the Indian Saint was recovering from dying, it is reported hee was heard to say, *O my God, doe not for pitie, so over-joy me; if I must still live and have such consolations, take me to heaven. For hee that hath once tasted this and thy sweetnesse, must necessarily live afterwards in bitternesse.*

This is the state of Loves life in God, which giveth a super-humane being unto man, man being yet on earth.

This ardent Love engrafting me into God by her uniting vertue, makes me now to say, *Vivo ego, sed non ego, vivit verò in me Christus. My life is hid in Christ with God.* And now mee thinkes I see him face to face, *Visione illa beatificâ, & jugiter revelatâ facie, Sponsi gloriam speculando, transformatur anima de claritate in claritatem: Audet & ipsa loqui.*

Tota

Tota pulchra es amica mea.

Who is this that commeth from Edom, with red garments from Bozrah. I now behold the day spring from on high come to visit me. Say then to the North, Give; and to the South, Restore; And so come Lord Iesus, come quickely.

MORTIS

MORTIS EPILOGVS.

QVoniam mors me quotidiè expectat, ego mortem quotidiè expectabo.

But before thou goeſt hence, conſider well theſe foure things:

1 *Vnde venis.*
2 *Quò vadis.*
3 *Quid es.*
4 *Quid eris.*

Upon enquiry *vndè venio*, I am told, *Peccatores peccatorem me in peccato genuerunt.*

Miſeri

Miseri miserum me in hanc lucis miseriam induxerunt.

Conceptus culpa, Nasci miseria, Vivere pœna, mors angustia; Et quantò est vita mea longior, tantò est culpa mea numerosior.

This makes me thinke,

Quorsum commodata est mihi vita humana?

For this onely,

Ad comparandam vitam cœlestem:
Et hoc vult divina clementia,
Quòd vita mea sit brevior,
Ut labor meus sit levior.

For my *Quò vado.*

IT is lifes *Posie*, *Vadere*, to fade and decay.
Vado tels me, I am *in transitu*,
But it rejoyceth me to thinke,
Eo ad Patres.
And this hope comforts,
Sepelieris in ætate bonâ.
Therefore *nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo mori:*
Mihi enim mors servit in solatium vitæ,
Vitam habeo in patientiâ,
Mortem verò in desiderio.
Plangam ergo paulatim dolorem meum,
Et tunc
Oblitus exilii, ibo ad patriam:
Nam
Mortuâ morte revertitur mihi vita.

To

To expresse, *Quid sum.*

QVis fando explicare queat?

Pulvis & Aer, this I know;

Et in pulverem reverteris. This is sure.

That *homo* is *morbidum, putre, cassum:*
Et in non hominem vertitur omnis homo.

This

This every man findes.

Our mettall is, *de humore liquido*,
And the mould no better, *In utero impuro*.
Damnatus antequàm natus, that's our condition.
Our best Stocke is *Semen Abrahæ*;
Dicens putredini; *Thou art my Mother*,
And to the Wormes, *You are my Brethren*.

Here is our great kindred.

Our dwelling is, *Inter pulices & culices*, amongst Flyes and Fleas.
Our qualitie vile, our weight lighter than vanitie, our worth nothing.
What then is our being?
Somnium & dolor.

If

If ſo,

Si natus ſum plorans,
Si morior plangens,
Nolo ego vivere ridens:
Hoc tantum volo,
Animam meam ornare quæ Deo & Angelis
Mox præſentanda eſt in cœlis.

Now for *Quid eris.*

This alſo I know,

Quod ſum, & me non eſſe ſcio.
Sed id eſſe & noſſe deſidero.
Nam videre Deum, vivere cum Deo,
Eſſe in Deo, & habere Deum,
Hoc eſt æterna ſecuritas, & ſecura æternitas.

This may be admired, hardly underſtood:
Yet better underſtood, than can be expreſſed.
Therefore to my ſoule I ſay not, *O Animula, blandula, vagula:* but,

O Anima Dei insignita imagine,
Decorata similitudine,
Desponsata Fide,
Redempta Sanguine,
Dotata Spiritu,
Deputata cum Angelis,
Quid tibi cum Carne?

But to contemplate,

Quanta claritas, quanta suavitas, quanta jucunditas maneat me in illa visione, cùm facie ad faciem videbo Christum?

FINIS.